

Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 8, 1979

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CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN

Holmes Comes off the Deck
To Overpower Shavers



A side-rear view of a light-colored (possibly gold or champagne) Ford Thunderbird Town Landau. The car is parked on a dark surface, and the background is a dark, cloudy night sky. The car's design features a sleek, aerodynamic profile with a large rear window and a thin horizontal trim line along the side. The wheels are multi-spoke alloy rims. The interior, visible through the windows, appears to have a reddish-brown or tan leather upholstery. The overall mood is sophisticated and elegant.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



JOURNALIST-OENOLOGIST PAUL ZIMMERMAN

Paul Zimmerman has been with **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** only two months, but the 46-year-old former semi-pro tackle, 6' 2", 230 pounds and still growing, has already made a hefty impression. His story on lawyer Howard Slusher, beginning on page 88, is written in the distinctive spare style that perhaps rubbed off on him at the age of 15, when, already a heavyweight, he boxed at a Manhattan gym where he was invariably paired with a big man, much older, nicknamed Broudbides, a/k/a Papa, a/k/a Ernest Hemingway.

If you expect from that to find Zimmerman a full-fledged sportswriter in the next chapter, forget it. The road from Hemingway to SI was long and lumpy. In 1949, when he was 16, Zimmerman went to Stanford, where he played football briefly; after suffering a concussion, he left and spent two years as an ordinary seaman and as a copyboy on the now defunct *New York Journal-American*. He then enrolled at Columbia (where he was refused credit for his Stanford physics courses, including pro shop management and fly casting), but a failure in Spanish meant a failure to graduate, and the Army drafted him. Zimmerman was sent to Germany, where he played tackle for the Western Area Command Rhinos, who reached

the European quarterfinals; he won All-Europe Honorable Mention.

Discharged in 1957, he returned to Columbia, where he had played football for Lou Little, and finally got his B.A. in liberal arts. His undergraduate career had spanned nine years; it took him only one more to get his masters in journalism. He then sent job applications to 64 newspapers, got four responses, all refusals, and went West, where he was also not hired by a paper in Seattle. Years later he was covering the Tokyo Olympics for the also dead and gone *New York World-Telegram and Sun*, working next to a man who couldn't seem to get his facts straight. Zimmerman gave him a hand, and finally the man said, "Don't I know you from somewhere?" "Yes," Paul replied, "you turned me down for a job in Seattle."

For the last 13 years Zimmerman had worked at the *New York Post*, specializing in pro football. He also covered three more Olympics, including Munich, where he was one of the few journalists who worked their way close to the Israeli compound. Paul bucked two lines of security guards and took a rifle butt to the head.

Zimmerman had continued to play football in a variety of semi-pro leagues. Forty-five dollars a game was the most that ever brought him. In 1968, while playing for the Morristown, N.J. Colonials, he decided to wrap up his career at age 36. A co-founder of the Columbia Rugby Club and a member of the first U.S. team to tour England, Ireland and Wales, he still turns out for an occasional old boys' game.

His happiest exertions these days involve uncorking wine bottles. An enthusiast for 30 years, he is now at work on a book and he writes a column on wine for the *Mt. Kisco, N.Y. Parent Trader*. "It's like sports," says his pediatrician wife Katherine. "Every time he opens a bottle, it's a new game."

Robert F. Sutton



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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

**BILL RUSSELL WRITES WITH CANDOR
ABOUT HIS GAME, HIS RACE, HIS LIFE**

In collaboration with Taylor Branch, Bill Russell has written an autobiography that goes well beyond the customary bounds of the as-told-to sports story. It's called *Second Wind: The Memoirs of an Opinionated Man* (Random House, \$9.95), and it is every bit as outspoken as its subtitle suggests, touching not only on Russell's celebrated career as basketball player and coach, but also on subjects ranging from Vietnam to race to sex to TV.

Russell, who's 6' 9", thinks of himself as a midget. "Not only am I tall enough to make a lot of people uncomfortable," he writes, "but I am also black, and infamous as an athlete. No wonder I have my quirks." Bluntness, it's clear, is one of them. Anyone who was listening back when he was the best TV sports announcer around is well aware of that. Say whatever you will of Russell, but also say of him that he always speaks his mind.

There is, of course, danger in being this way. The opinionated man can often be merely noisy and boring; for instance, what Russell has to say about Vietnam is approximately as informed and useful as what Joan Baez has to say about Vietnam. But when he is on home territory—when his subject is basketball or race—his is a voice of experience that merits a respectful hearing.

Russell's account of his development as a basketball player is particularly revealing. He was not a "natural." His talents were not evident when he was a boy, indeed, it wasn't until after high school that he began to emerge, "accidentally," he says, the defensive skills that a few years later would become the foundation of the Boston Celtics dynasty and gain him recognition as the game's best player. He reached that pinnacle through hard work, determination, a singular comprehension of the subtleties of his chosen sport, and a refreshing enthusiasm for the game that, this book shows, he retains.

"People in all kinds of cultures are known to 'jump for joy' in moments of supreme happiness. Jumping is an internationally recognized expression of joy, and basketball is a sport organized around jumping. Most of the time people jump spontaneously after something makes them happy. . . . In basketball, the jumping comes first. It's possible for a player to jump because he's happy, but it's more likely that he's happy because he's jumping."

Russell was happiest and most fulfilled as an athlete during the years he played for the Celtics. He writes about those years with pal-

public warmth. He recalls the team's humor and closeness with affection but without a trace of sentimentality. He pays touching tribute to Walter Brown, the man who then owned the Celtics, and to his teammates. He writes far more flatteringly about Wilt Chamberlain than sports-page reports of their rivalry would lead one to expect, and he describes Oscar Robertson with unstinting admiration. "He had a joy and ferociousness that nobody else could match."

Indeed, it is this quality of joy that surfaces over and over in the basketball sections of this memoir. Most games were routine, and Russell played them accordingly, but there were other moments that he reveled in.

"Every so often a Celtic game would heat up so that it became more than a physical or even mental game, and would be magical. That feeling is difficult to describe, and I certainly never talked about it when I was playing. When it happened I could feel my play rise to a new level. It came rarely, and would last anywhere from five minutes to a whole quarter or more. Three or four plays were not enough to get it going. It would surround not only me and the other Celtics but also the players on the other team, and even the referees. To me, the key was that both teams had to be playing at their peaks, and they had to be competitive. The Celtics could not do it alone."

Of all Russell's qualities as a player, perhaps his greatest was his insatiable thirst for excellence. He pushed himself as far as he could go and still was dissatisfied, he writes that he regularly graded his performances and that "the best score I ever gave myself was 65 on a scale of 100." Inasmuch as those of us in the stands would happily have granted him a 98 or 99 or 100, his own harsh evaluation is evidence enough of the compulsion for perfection that drove his heart, mind and body to the outer limits.

That same compulsion has characterized his life off the court. He is a combatively proud black man, who for much of his life felt "grounded in anger" against whites and has only gradually allowed that anger to subside. He writes with deep and legitimate resentment about "white cultural bias." He also writes about how the San Francisco coffeehouses of the fifties began to reshape his thinking. ". . . those coffeehouses showed me that whites were capable of protest and sadness too. It was a breakthrough for me, because since childhood I had seen them as distant, cold and oppressive."

In this respect, Russell's story is not one of a uniquely successful athlete but of a black American who made the stormy and painful passage from hatred to understanding—a story that finds echoes in the lives of Malcolm X and Eldridge Cleaver and James Baldwin. Thus, as Russell well understands, is the story that really counts. Wars and all, he is a fine man, and he has written a fine book. **END**

VIEWPOINT

by RON FIMRITE

THE JOY OF SEDENTARY LIFE FROM ONE WHO PRACTICES WHAT HE PREACHES

My suspicion that the national obsession with physical fitness has gone too far was confirmed the other evening when I saw a middle-aged man disengage himself from his Perner water and start doing push-ups on the floor of a barroom. At first I thought he had merely toppled off his stool, an exercise that, while scarcely to be condoned, is at least familiar in such surroundings. But, no, this gentleman, without a trace of embarrassment, assumed the posture of the fitness freak and began propelling himself up and down, his reddening countenance aflame with superiority. I recognized the pusher-upper as the same Iron-man, who had boasted earlier in the day of running eight miles before breakfast, a feat accomplished, he was pleased to relate, while the rest of us layabouts were still sleeping—or sawing logs, as he deftly put it.

My gathering hostility toward him and his ilk was fed again when I read a newspaper

story about a man and wife who not only jog a *deux* every dawn but also have found on the footpaths a religion of sorts. The man, who wears a T shirt emblazoned with the entirety START RUNNING AROUND WITH YOUR WIFE, said, "Running has changed my life. I don't drink hard stuff anymore. I've kicked the cigarette habit. I've lost 30 pounds and joined my wife's church just because I feel so good all the time."

Bully for him. I'm happy he has found salvation in picking 'em up and laying 'em down. At the same time I wish these people would stop preaching the active life to those of us who pursue, with equal passion, more sedentary existences. Whenever someone tells me how great he feels because he starts his day with a brisk 10-kilometer run, I don't tell him about all the unhealthy people who have contributed more to civilization than a lowered pulse rate. Did Proust jog? Why, the man could hardly get out of bed. And Poe? A true valetudinarian. Or Mrs. Browning? Would we have had War and Peace if Tolstoy had wasted valuable working hours traversing the steppes in his Nikes? Michelangelo spent a significant part of his life flat on his back. The list is endless. There is substantial evidence that there have been more clear

thinkers among semi-invalids than among people who do push-ups in bars.

Far be it from me to enforce vice and corruption. All things, excess included, should be taken in moderation. But the blessings of life on the run are lost on me. So, run for your life, if you want, but don't tell me about it. There are holdouts among us who prefer to spend our mornings in bed, dreaming of things we will never do.

In fact, I fear that I have reached that morbid state of mind in which I take encouragement in the infirmities of health addicts. When an acquaintance complains of a twisted knee, I find it difficult to suppress a smile. Perhaps the ultimate was reached a couple of weeks ago, when I espied photographs of our President looking near desperation shortly before giving up the ghost, as it were, in a 10-kilometer run. The man, I said to myself, has unnecessarily endangered his health trying to prove to the rest of us that he is healthy. Would Truman, a walker, have placed himself and the state of the nation in such jeopardy? I am not certain now whom I will vote for next year, but it might interest Mr. Carter to know it will not be for a jogger, because I want my President at his best, not out trotting on the grass roots. **END**



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Footloose

by JIM KAPLAN

THINGS GET POSITIVELY MEOIEVAL IN MARYLAND, WHERE A JOUST IS NO JOKE

Jousting was invented by a 10th-century Sax-on king named Heary the Fowler. It was a bloody business until about the 15th century, when guns came into common use and turned jousting from a military endeavor into a gentleman's sport. Soon thereafter, the joust joined chivalry as a relic of a bygone era.

But, what ho, jousting lives on—in the New World! Indeed, if you were driving through the Washington suburb of Olney, Md. on the morning of Sept. 8, you would have witnessed a scene out of King Arthur's court. The occasion was the second annual Olney Joust, and after Queen Alice Blum offered up the traditional prayer to St. Ignatius Loyola, the "knights" or "maids" began to charge. In turn, each galloped down a dirt path toward three arches arrayed in tandem, 30 yards apart. A detachable metal ring

wrapped in white string was suspended from each arch. Using a seven-foot metal-tipped lance, a rider would try to spear all three rings in one charge. Each jouster got three rides, and the one who lanced the most rings was the winner. The male and female contestants at Olney, most of whom own their own horses, ranged in age from 11 to 58, an occupation from farmer to businessman. They rode standing in the stirrups, using their legs as shock absorbers as they lanced the rings. "It's amazing how they do it," said Dale Boyd, a local realtor. "They're galloping along, and they spear the rings as if they were sliding the lance along a table top."

Jim Schooley, a 25-year-old veterinary student at Montgomery College, won the novice class. Schooley, who calls himself the Knight of Triple Trouble, speared eight of the possible nine rings, which in this class are 1½" in diameter. This was only Schooley's sixth joust, but already he was Double Trouble. Moving up to the amateur class, in which the rings are 1½" in diameter, he finished second—again lancing eight of nine rings. In the semipro and pro classes the rings are 1½" and 1", respectively. If two or more riders tie for first in any class, there is a "tie-off" in which the diameter of the rings is re-

duced by a quarter of an inch per round. Tie-offs often go down to quarter-inch rings, which look like Life Savers.

The big lances of jousting came out in the pro class: the Maid of Bartram Manor, Mary Lou Bartram, 52, the only woman to have won the state and national championships; the Knight of St. Marks, farmer Mike Virts, 26, a four-time national champ; and the Knight of Little Red Wagon, mechanic Phil Clarke, 58, a former state and national titleholder who had recently won the first Half of Fame tournament in Mount Solon, Va. Clarke won at Olney, too, spearing three half-inch rings in a tie-off with five other riders.

On Oct. 14, amid extravagant pageantry, the national championships will be held in front of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C. Though there will be jousts from Virginia and the surrounding states, Marylanders are expected to dominate. Which is fitting. The state's founder, Cecil Calvert, brought jousting to America in 1632. In 1962 a politician descended from the Calverts asked the legislature and Governor Tawes to designate King Henry the Fowler's baby as Maryland's state sport. The delegate from St. Mary's County made a convincing case. His name? Henry Fowler. END

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BOOKTALK

by STEVE WULF

AS UMPIRE CASEY SHAKESPEARE SAID:
"FAIR IS FOUL AND FOUL IS FAIR"

The Baseball Encyclopedia, as thorough as it is, somehow left out a number of great names from the past, men like Gaylord Tenyson, Daffy Carroll and Whitey Whitman. These oversights have been cited in a delightful little book by Mikhail Horowitz entitled *Big League Poets* (City Lights Books, \$2.50). In less-than-authentic thumbnail sketches and "daggerrectypes" of each player, Horowitz pays tribute to the Hall of Fame of Letters. He won't let the memories of Smokey Cole-ridge, Joker Joyce and candy Cummings die.

Modern fans may not know, for instance, that the greatest player of them all, Casey Shakespeare, later became an umpire and would confuse everyone by yelling, "Fair is foul and foul is fair." Or that it was utility infielder Bugs Kafka who invented the infeld-fly rule by turning into a giant insect.

Horowitz goes behind the scenes to reveal that when Wild Bill Byron played, every day was Ladies' Day, and that when Young Dog Thomas took the mound, both the bases and the pitcher were often loaded. Included in the book are the hard-luck stories of Stoney Poe of the Baltimore Nevermorioles, Doc Pasternak of the Zhivago White Sox and Long John Milton, who pitched for Paradise when it lost.

Sifting through these legends, the reader will be tempted to choose his own all-time all-star team. Golden Gloves Goethe would be on it for sure, because he had no rival at Faust Base. Second Baseman Wee Bessie Buras stole many a base and got away Scott-free. As shortstop, Shakespeare made every play look easy. The only choice for the hot corner would be Sparky Alighieri. One would be hard-pressed to find a better outfield than the one of Flake Blake, the Detroit Tygers' "Angel of the Outfield," in center; Skipper Melville, who could really whale the ball, in left; and Iren Horse Ginsberg, the greatest on run hitter of them all, in right. The catcher would have to be Sandy Sandburg, who chased foul pops on little cat feet. There were many great pitchers, but perhaps the best was Ode Keats, who led the Grecian Leagues in ured run average year after year. In bas-relief, call in none other than Vida Virgil.

Let the joy of this book be dampened for readers. Big Bill Wordsworth, Simple-Simon Thoreau and Silky Rilke will be left alone for now. Suffice to say, *Big League Poets* is a celebration of literature and the most literary of all sports. After all, whom do you think the homer was named after?

END



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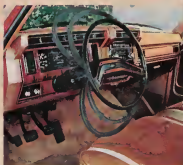


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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

BASEBALL'S ENDURING COLOR LINE

Henry Aaron recently charged that no matter how well black baseball players perform, they ultimately get "shafted." He added that the men who run baseball "want to look at us [blacks] as monkeys." Those are hot words from a normally cool man but, unfortunately, they may be only slightly extravagant. Thirty-two years after Jackie Robinson broke the color line on the field, blacks have yet to win a secure place in baseball.

The situation is worse in baseball than in either football or basketball. Although the NFL has yet to hire its first black head coach, four blacks hold key front-office jobs with the league's clubs and there are eight blacks among the NFL's 100 officials. The NBA has two black coaches, Al Attles and Lenny Wilkens, each of whom runs his club's front-office operations. The NBA also numbers five blacks among its 27 referees and officials. By contrast, Aaron, the Atlanta Braves' director of player personnel, is the only black occupying an important front-office job with any big league club. Only one native American black, Johnny Lewis is at Gastonia in the Class A Western Carolinas League, had a manager's job this season at any level of organized baseball. Eric Gregg was the only black among 60 full-time big league umpires; there were only six blacks among the 210 umpires in all of baseball.

Increasingly there is reason to be concerned even about the number of native American black players in baseball. Blacks make up roughly one-third of NFL and three-fourths of NBA rosters, yet the figure is barely 20% in baseball, and it appears to be declining. Jack Pastore, scouting administrator for the Phillies, notes that no more than 10% of the top prospects in recent amateur drafts have been black. If the decline were occurring because blacks were finding more favorable opportunities in banking, medicine and the like, there would be no reason for concern. Instead, it is taking place for other reasons, including the fact that

some colleges have been cutting back on baseball scholarships, but not on those in football and basketball. As a result, blacks who might have played baseball are gravitating toward other sports.

Baseball people say that they would welcome "qualified" black club executives and umpires, to say nothing of players. But Monte Irvin, one of two blacks serving as assistants to Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, warns that the game's high-erups can't simply wait for blacks to fall into their laps. "We have to aggressively recruit and train them," Irvin says. "With the retirement of Willie Mays and Hank Aaron, black people aren't identifying with baseball the way they once did. It's going to take quite an effort to overcome the feeling among blacks that they aren't welcome."

Nowhere is that feeling more conspicuously reflected than at the gate. NBA Deputy Commissioner Simon Gourdine, who is black, estimates that blacks account for "close to 20%" of attendance at NBA games. Despite baseball's generally lower ticket prices, blacks, according to Irvin, now make up less than 1% of attendance at major league games, down from a high of 3% in the 1950s. Although social forces beyond baseball's control may be partly responsible for the decline, it is difficult to completely forget Twins owner Calvin Griffith's distressing statement last year that he had moved the Washington Senators to Minnesota because that state had "good, hardworking white people." Less that somehow be perceived as the official policy of the major leagues as a whole, prompt action must be taken to assure black Americans that the national pastime is also their pastime.

BING'S BOY

Bing Crosby's 17-year-old son Nathaniel is attending the University of Miami on a golf scholarship. He was his dad's favorite golf partner and has run the Bing Crosby Pro-Am since the crooner's death two years ago, and now he drives a brown

van, shares an apartment with Hurricane teammate John Pallot and says, "I'm just one guy on the golf team. I don't think any of the guys look at me as something special." Well, maybe they ought to. Competing two weeks ago in the 15-school Wolf Pack Classic at the University of Nevada in Reno, Nate Crosby placed ninth among 90 entrants, leading the Miami team by four strokes.

OPTICAL INTRUSION

An NFL fan who in recent years has followed the sport mostly on television attended a Bears game in Chicago's Soldier Field the other day and noticed what seemed to be a much greater number of binoculars in the stands than he remembered from the old days. He also was struck by the fact that many fans were using their binoculars only when the Honey Bears, the Chicago cheerleaders, performed during time-outs. When play on the field resumed, the glasses were put away.

The scene in Chicago doesn't surprise Bob Gardner, a marketing consultant for Fujinon Optical Inc., a subsidiary of Japan's Fuji Photo/Film Company that



sells a line of binoculars in the U.S. Gardner says that while exact figures are unavailable, there is no doubt that the NFL's introduction of cheerleaders has been a boon to the \$100-million-a-year binocular industry in the U.S. Because 90% of all binoculars sold in this country are imported, people concerned about the nation's chronic trade deficit might conclude that NFL cheerleaders are having an adverse effect on the economy. But Gardner says, "Men with binoculars

continued

at pro football games have always used them to ogle attractive women, only in the past the women they looked at were in the crowd, not on the sidelines. Girl watching is very American."

Gardner says that seven-power glasses, which provide sufficient magnification as well as a wide field of vision, are ideal for watching football. He adds, however, that more powerful lenses may be necessary for desired closeups of cheerleaders. For the well-rounded football-goer interested in the game and the cheerleaders, Gardner recommends a zoom lens that can alter magnification as needed—from, say, eight to 16 power.

UNBURDENED

After quitting last week as manager of the Chicago Cubs, Herman Franks discussed his former players in an interview with the Chicago Tribune's Dave Nightingale. Franks called slugger Dave Kingman "a little flaky," complained that Ted Sizemore, who was sold to the Red Sox in August, "turned out to be more trouble than he was worth," and said of Catcher Barry Foote, "I just got sick and damned tired of his telling me 'how we did it on the Phillies.'" Of First Baseman Bill Buckner, Franks said, "He's nuts. He doesn't care about anything except getting a hit. All he cares about is Bill Buckner." And he called Outfielder Mike Vail a "constant whiner," adding, "He made me sick. I just got tired of being around him. There isn't enough money in the world to pay me to manage if I have to look at that face every day."

What was surprising about Franks' outburst was that he had seldom told writers anything worth quoting during his three years as the Cubs' manager. But at least he sometimes spoke to them—which brings up something else Franks complained about. He criticized several of the Cubs for snubbing writers, saying, "It's silly things like this that get you fed up." That's putting it mildly.

ESTABLISHING SOME RIGHTS

Judging by their popularity over the years with colleges, high schools and kids' teams, it might be assumed that such nicknames as the Eagles, Lions and Cardinals have long since settled into the public domain. The NFL reckons otherwise, an opinion its marketing arm, NFL Properties Inc., recently outlined in a letter to some of football's minor leagues, the 20-odd scattered and mostly

struggling conferences that have no official association with the NFL.

NFL Properties asked that teams like the Frederick (Md.) Falcons and the Chambersburg (Pa.) Cardinals change their names and offered to aid in any such "transition," presumably by helping pay for new stationery, jerseys and the like. John Paul Reiner, an NFL attorney, explained that the intent was to end "confusion" over whether there was an official connection between NFL franchises and minor league clubs bearing the same nicknames. In Reiner's view the NFL had "established rights" to the names in question.

But the NFL may have started up a hornet's nest. Although most minor league clubs are shoestring operations, some have surprisingly proud traditions. They may also smell a chance for cash settlements with the NFL. At any rate, Jim Sears, owner of the 10-year-old Baltimore Eagles, says, "We're not changing our name." And the Ohio Football League politely informed the NFL that one of its teams, the Tuscarawas County Vikings, can trace its existence—and its nickname—back to the 1950s. NFL officials were surprised to learn that, and Reiner was saying last week in a conciliatory tone that he wanted to avoid a legal confrontation. As well he might. The NFL's Minnesota Vikings didn't come into existence until 1961.

THE 300-WIN CLUB

When 40-year-old Gaylord Perry, who had amassed 279 victories in his major league pitching career (with a 12-11 record in 1979), quit the San Diego Padres last month and demanded to be traded, it halted, at least temporarily, his drive to be the first pitcher to win 300 games since Early Wynn became the 14th to do so in 1963. In the ensuing 16 years the number of batters with 3,000 career hits has increased from eight to 15. Lou Brock and Carl Yastrzemski being the latest. So what's wrong with the pitchers?

One obvious answer is the increased use of relief pitchers, who now win some of the games starters once did. Another is the switch by most pitching staffs from four-day to five-day rotations. While those two factors might be expected to prolong pitching careers, it further happens that pitchers are developing more sore arms and wearing out more quickly than they used to. For one thing, because of the demands that the expansion of pro-

fessional sports has placed on the pool of available athletes, pitchers are now moved along to the majors more quickly. Also, owing to the greater reliance on relievers, starters are no longer permitted to settle into a "groove" for nine innings. Instead, they are expected to bear down and throw as hard as they can until the relievers take over, all of which results in greater physical strain. The upshot, says ex-New York Manager Bob Lemon, who won 207 games during his 15-year big league pitching career, is that "winning 300 games is a hell of a greater accomplishment than 3,000 hits."

Hurry back next season, Gaylord.

MA BELL & HER LINEMEN

"Here we go, junior," snarled Mark Bell, rookie reserve tight end for the Seattle Seahawks. "Coming right at you," replied younger (by five minutes) brother Mike Bell, rookie reserve defensive tackle for the Kansas City Chiefs. So it was Sunday when the NFL's only set of identical twins found themselves on the field together in the Seattle Kingdom. The Bells, who were teammates at Colorado State, had never played against each other, and two huskies of friends and relatives turned out for the confrontation, including their 84-year-old grandmother and their parents, Johnnie, owner of a floor-covering business in Wichita, and Laurie, who is known affectionately as Ma Bell.

As the throng of well-wishers watched in a second-deck section adorned with a sign reading "Bell Tower," the twins, onetime incubator babies who grew to 6' 4" and 255 (Mike) and 235 (Mark) pounds, spiritedly went at each other. Finding Mike "a lot quicker than I expected," the Seahawks' Mark managed to execute only one good block against his brother as the Chiefs won 24-6. But Ma Bell, happily waving pennants for both teams, cared only that her two boys survived unscathed, having heard her warning that if they hurt each other they'd better not come home for Christmas dinner.

THEY SAID IT

- Monte Clark, Detroit Lion coach, on Larry Csonka: "When he goes on safari, the lions roll up their windows."
- Milton Berle: "My doctor recently told me that jogging could add years to my life. I think he was right. I feel 10 years older already."

END

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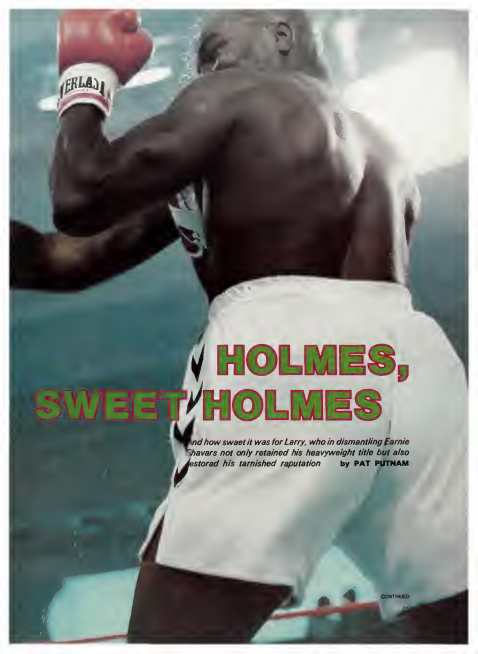
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HOLMES, SWEET HOLMES

And how sweet it was for Larry, who in dismantling Earnie Shavers not only retained his heavyweight title but also restored his tarnished reputation **by PAT PUTNAM**

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The end of last Friday night's WBC heavyweight-title fight in Las Vegas came not two minutes into the 11th round, when Davey Pearl, the referee, stepped between tottering, defenseless Earnie Shavers and champion Larry Holmes. No, the bout was really over at the close of the seventh, when Shavers, who had been taking a licking, unleashed one of his monumental overhand rights—and hammered Holmes backward onto the canvas at Caesars Palace.

This was the unbeaten Holmes' fourth defense of his title, and at that moment it looked like there might never be a fifth. When Shavers unloads—and connects—the hittee seldom rises. This was Shavers' 66th professional fight and he had won 56 of them by rendering folks senseless. Most heavyweights would rather fight the First Marine Division.

But as Holmes has proved before, he isn't like other heavyweights. Although his eyes were glazed by the thunderous

punch, he made it to his feet by the count of five. And, as Pearl tolled on to the end of the mandatory eight, the champ began to jump up and down.

"An ordinary fighter would have stood there dazed and helpless, waiting to be knocked down again," Pearl said later. "but as stunned as he must have been, he reacted the way a smart, seasoned fighter should. The jumping up and down cleared away the cobwebs."

And even as he was regaining his feet, Holmes was regaining his senses. He knew there was no rule that he had to stay near Pearl during the remainder of the eight count. And so, as the jumping tactic cleared his head, it also took him away from the referee—and farther away from where Shavers waited in a neutral corner, thereby giving him another precious second or two.

Pearl finished his count with 22 seconds left in the round and waved Shavers forward, thinking as he did so that he might be going home early.

Shavers moved in, unleashing wild

right hands. Holmes grabbed for him and held on. They were broken; Holmes grabbed again. They were broken; Holmes grabbed. The bell rang. The round was over. In effect, the fight was over.

As recently as the afternoon of March 23 the suggestion that Shavers would ever fight Holmes for the title would have been ludicrous. But that evening Shavers knocked out Kenny Norton, the ex-champion. And three months later Holmes very nearly lost to unheralded Mike Weaver.

"All of a sudden everybody started to remember Shavers' big punch, and they began thinking that Larry was no longer indestructible," Richie Giachetti, Larry Holmes' trainer and manager, said. "Well, Larry has never been indestructible. But he is as close as any human will ever get, because when he is hurt he comes back. That's why he is the champion and everybody else is a challenger."

Disgusted with himself over his poor showing against Weaver, Holmes trained

Although Shavers occasionally landed a long looping right like this one, Holmes was far ahead on everyone's card when in the almost fateful seventh round.





the bloodied, nearly blinded Shavers unleashed an overhand blast that put the champion down for a five-count. A lesser man would have stayed there

for Shavers as hard as he has for anyone. On March 25, 1978 he had fought Shavers in a non-title bout and won all 12 rounds. Now he trained as though Shavers had won the fight. "And I'm not reading any newspapers until after the fight," Holmes said. "They told me Mike Weaver was a lousy fighter. Don't tell me about Earnie Shavers. I don't want to hear it."

The afternoon of the fight Giachetti went to Holmes' room on the seventh floor of Caesars Palace for a final strategy meeting. Giachetti was semiafraid Holmes might be thinking knockout. "Forget about stopping him," Giachetti said. "You don't have to prove anything to anybody but yourself. You have a punch, you don't have a punch, forget all that. Don't challenge this guy."

That night Holmes and Giachetti went to the arena early. ABC-TV, which forked over \$3.5 million to telecast the fight, had a TV set placed in Holmes' dressing room. Promoter Don King had paid \$4.5 million—of which \$2.5 million went to Holmes, \$300,000 to Shavers—to assemble a star-studded card, and the champ wanted to see it all.

First up was Wilfredo Gomez, the WBC superbantamweight champ, who went against third-ranked Carlos Mendoza. Gomez finally stopped him in the 10th round. Then unbeaten Sugar Ray Leonard, in his final tune-up before his Nov. 30 welterweight-title fight with Wilfredo Benitez, came on for two minutes and 52 seconds, which was all he needed to rack up Andy Price. Finally Roberto Duran, who is impatiently waiting

for his chance for a crack at the welterweight championship, stepped in the ring. Although a bit flabby, at 149%, and not in the best condition, he had enough to decision Zeferino Gonzalez.

Then it was Holmes' turn. At 210, Holmes, who had weighed 215 pounds for Weaver, was fast and finely tuned. For six rounds, jabbing and moving, sliding to his right to keep away from Shavers' power, Holmes was devastating.

At best, the 211-pound Shavers is awkward. Against Holmes, he was clumsy, lunging and missing with wild, looping punches. And by the fifth round Shavers' left eye had started to close. Then, in the sixth, during another of Holmes' repeated flurries, Shavers began to bleed profusely from a cut near his right eye.

As the seventh began it was more of the same. A Holmes' hook split the right eye even more. Grimly, Shavers forged ahead, unleashing wild bombs, hoping one would land. And, with 30 seconds to go in the round, one did—a looping shot that caught Holmes flush on the jaw. The champ dropped as though struck by a sledgehammer. But he got up.

When Holmes, still rocky, sat down, his corner was silent. "You can't start yelling right away," Giachetti said. "First you have to try to revive them." Giachetti broke an ammonia capsule under Holmes' nose. Then, as Giachetti went to work with cold water, Freddie Brown, the assistant trainer, broke another ammonia capsule.

Only then did Giachetti talk. "Look at me," he ordered. "Go out there and double jab. Hit and move. Move to the

right, keep away from his power. Do you hear me? Do you?"

Holmes nodded, then said, "Yeah."

"Tell me back."

Holmes repeated the instructions.

Giachetti, satisfied, nodded. "O.K. then go out and do it."

Fully recovered, Holmes went back to work. By the end of the eighth round Shavers was so exhausted he almost fell in his corner at the bell.

In the ninth Shavers threw a desperation right and caught Holmes, who was off-balance, high on the arm. Holmes went down again. Pearl correctly ruled it a slip.

"By then," Pearl says, "I don't think Earnie had enough left to knock me down."

In the 10th and 11th rounds Shavers steadily weakened. At times he would fall back into the ropes, his arms at his sides. Then, goaded on by his great will, he'd wade in to take more punishment, his face masked with blood.

By now Holmes was looking for Pearl to stop it. "I just didn't want to hit him anymore," the champ says.

At one point in the 11th Pearl stepped in and looked at Shavers' battered right eye that later would need 29 stitches. "Want me to stop it?" Pearl asked.

"No," Shavers said.

The fight lasted two more punches.

As Shavers stumbled back to his corner, Holmes followed him. Putting his arms around the beaten challenger, Holmes whispered, "I love you. You're a great fighter. You're a man."

The same goes for you, Larry. **END**

ALL THE CHAMPS WERE TITANIC FAILURES

For two seasons it had been smooth sailing for the Yankees, Royals, Dodgers and Phillies, but this year each of them was lost at sea **by LARRY KEITH**

Until recently, baseball fans believed that the traditional signs of autumn were crispness in the air, russet leaves and the same four teams in the playoffs. But when the American and National League Championship Series began this week, New York, Kansas City and Philadelphia were missing for the first time in four years, and Los Angeles was absent for the first time in three. What's more, with the exception of the Royals, the old champs had collapsed early.

As the Yankees ended their season against Toronto last week, Lou Piniella found a measure of consolation in the fact that for the first time in the 11-year history of the playoffs, none of the divisional defenders had repeated. "I wasn't rooting against the other three, but I'm glad it turned out this way," he said. "Since none of the teams that were supposed to win won, there are plenty of other players who are as surprised and disappointed as I am."

Three of the former champions were eliminated on the same day, Sept. 16, while the fourth, Kansas City, managed to hang in until Sept. 25. New York had the best record of the four, 89-71, but the Yankees finished fourth in the American League East, 13½ games behind Baltimore. Philadelphia was the only team to spend more than two days in first, but fell from the top way back on May 27 and wound up fourth in the National League East, at 84-78, 14 behind. Kansas City, the only one of the foursome to make even a modest run at recapturing its title, finished second, three games behind California, in the American League West, with an 85-77 record. The biggest flop was Los Angeles, which was last in the National League West at the All-Star break and ended up third, 11½ behind Cincinnati. The Dodgers' 79-83 record was their worst since 1968.

The teams' failures were surprising. All four should have been at least as strong as they had been in 1978. New

York and Philadelphia pulled the plums out of last winter's free-agent reentry draft—Tommy John, who won 21 games for the Yankees, and Pete Rose, who batted .331 for the Phillies. Kansas City found a star idling on its bench in Willie Wilson, who batted .315 and stole a league-leading 83 bases. Los Angeles turned up rookie Rick Sutcliffe, who won a staff-high 17 games, the same amount John had won for the Dodgers last year.

But instead of holding their lofty positions, the champs fizzled. Some of the reasons for their poor performances are reflected in the stats. The Yankees didn't hit left-handers (34-37 vs. lefties); the Dodgers didn't hit right-handers (51-63)

or pitch well against anyone (3.83 staff ERA). The Royals had trouble with their starters—the regulars in their rotation went 55-55—and the Phillies with their relievers, notably Tug McGraw, who had an ERA of 5.14. Among the most disappointing individuals were New York Third Baseman Graig Nettles (.253, 20 home runs), L.A. Pitcher Bob Welch (5-6), K.C. Pitcher Rich Gale (9-10) and Philly Leftfielder Greg Luzinski (.252, 18 homers).

And, of course, all the clubs had injuries, enough to fill a hospital ward. Among the notables who spent time on the disabled list were Yankees Goose Gossage, Ed Figueroa, Reggie Jackson and Mickey RIVERS; Royals Frank White, Al Cowens and Hal McRae; Dodgers Reggie Smith, Terry Forster, Rick Monday and Doug Rau; and Phillies Dick Ruthven, Larry Christenson, Warren Brusstar, Manny Trillo and Larry Bowa.

Several of the injuries were as odd as they were disabling. In April, Reliever Gossage tore ligaments in his right thumb in a shower-room scuffle with Cliff Johnson, and by the time he got his next save three months later, the Yanks had lost



11½ games in the standings. Starting Pitcher Christenson broke his collarbone in February after falling off a bicycle, and Randy Lerch, another Phillie starter, broke a bone in his glove hand in July when he was mugged outside a restaurant. Sometimes the trouble was double. On the evening of May 8, Texas Pitcher Ed Farmer hit White and Cowens with pitches that put them out of action for five and three weeks, respectively.

As significant as all the bruises, tears, sprains and breaks may have been, the teams also suffered from another sort of malady. Each club, in its own way, proved it had been spoiled by success. The Yankees never realized the urgency of their situation until it was too late. "We were like a punch-drunk fighter who's been knocked around the ring but still thinks he's the champion," says Piniella. "We kept fooling ourselves by saying we'd get it going because we always had in the past."

The Phillies lacked zest. At least that is the opinion of Dallas Green, who succeeded Danny Ozark on Aug. 31, and a few weeks later said, "There's no juice, no life, no intensity. I get frustrated with

what I see. I could change it, but I'd have to fight half the bleeping ball club, and I don't want to do that." Green implied that part of the fault lay with his predecessor, Ozark. "The manager can't be a nice guy," he said. "I think the other guy proved that. If I'm here next year, though, we're going to have to have a meeting of the minds. There ain't no way I put up with all this aggravation."

Davey Lopes, the Dodgers' captain until he resigned the position in July, feels much the same way about his team. "We lost this year because of injuries and also because of what I'd call a bad attitude," he says. "The desire to win wasn't there. Our No. 1 interest—baseball—was lost."

The undercurrents in Kansas City were less apparent because the Royals were competing in a mediocre division, but they were there just the same. "We've got a good team, but something was missing," says White. "We didn't come together like we did in the past years." The missing ingredient was particularly evident in the last two weeks of the season when the Royals made an unsuccessful surge for the title. They were 10½ games back at the All-Star break and slipped

into a half-game lead on Aug. 30, but they could neither hold the advantage nor build a new one.

Clearly the results of the last three years meant absolutely nothing this season. Consequently Reggie Jackson of the Yankees received a very valuable lesson. "I learned that baseball doesn't have form," he says.

Even in defeat this was an extraordinary season for the world champions of '77 and '78. President Al Rosen quit; Lemon was pushed aside for the second coming of Billy Martin; and Captain Thurman Munson was killed in an airplane crash. Meanwhile, players were shuffled in and out of the clubhouse at a frantic rate (Rivers, Dick Tidrow, Paul Blair and Johnson are among those who left; Oscar Gamble, Bobby Murcer, George Scott and Jim Kaat among those who came in). In all, 47 different players were on New York's 25-man roster at various times. Despite the maneuvering—or, perhaps, because of it—the Yankees spent just one day in a tie for first place and never moved higher than fourth after June 14.

When Rose signed with Philadelphia, he hoped to awaken the sort of spirit that had helped Cincinnati win five division titles and get in four World Series in his last 10 seasons with the Reds. Rose was going to be the catalyst, the difference between the team's usual playoff fold-up and a world championship. It didn't work out that way, even if Rose deserves none of the blame. "Believe me, I'd trade all my personal records for a shot to be in the playoffs," he said last week. "But when I walk into Riverfront Stadium to watch the Reds, I can't be embarrassed over the year I had. I did what I was supposed to do."

Everything, that is, except put the Phillies in the Series. Among those who expected them to be there was Philadelphia reserve Catcher Dave Rader, who scheduled his wedding for November because he anticipated a busy October. Furthermore, he planned to pay for his honeymoon to the Virgin Islands with his World Series share. "I'm still planning to go," Rader says, "but I'll have to borrow the money to do it."

Maybe he can borrow it from Nettles, who says he misses October excitement more than October money. Rader can find Nettles—and all the other Yankees, Dodgers, Royals and Phillies—at home, sitting by their television sets.



When the Buffalo Bills made Ohio State Linebacker Tom Cousineau the No. 1 pick in the NFL draft last May, Cousineau told Bills Coach Chuck Knox, "You've made a wise choice." Later that same day Cousineau was asked if he might consider playing in Canada. "No," he replied. "I want to play in the NFL. I want to play with the big boys, and I'm going to play in Buffalo."

Maybe he will play in Buffalo someday, but while the Bills were beating the Colts 31-13 last Sunday in Baltimore, Cousineau was up in Ottawa playing second-year and separating porteurs from the ball for Les Alouettes de Montreal as they tied the Rough Riders 29-29.

Cousineau defected to Canada on July 19, signing a three-year contract with the Alouettes for an estimated \$850,000. From that moment Buffalo's 1979 draft

DEAR TOM: THEY DON'T MISS YOU IN BUFFALO

Rookies Jerry Butler and Jim Haslett have performed so well that Buffalonians have forgotten Tom Cousineau's defection to Montreal **by JOE MARSHALL**

was destined to be remembered as the one in which the Bills, who have a long history of front-office bungling, fumbled Tom Cousineau.

But another chorus of that old Buffalo favorite, "Wait till next year!" isn't called for. Despite the loss of Cousineau, Buffalo still had an outstanding draft. The Bills had nine picks in the top five rounds, and all except Cousineau have been on hand while the Bills—5-11 last season—

have won three of their first five games.

The best draftee is Clemson Wide Receiver Jerry Butler, who was the fifth player selected overall. Two weeks ago Butler burned the New York Jets by catching 10 passes for 255 yards, the seventh-highest yardage total in NFL history, and four touchdowns. The next morning a Buffalo newspaper carried a cartoon showing a morose Cousineau watching Butler's heroics on television.

Haslett (55) has a firm grip on the position planned for Cousineau



Cousineau needed time to adjust to the outside position in Montreal



while a shapely companion cooed, "Wow, did you ever meet him?"

The message was clear: thanks to Butler, Buffalonians have pretty much forgotten about Cousineau—for now.

Butler, a native of Ware Shoals, S.C., went to Clemson on a track scholarship. As a junior he won the Atlantic Coast Conference 60-yard dash. His speed is welcome in Buffalo, where it has been several ice ages since the Bills had someone who could catch the ball deep.

At Clemson, Butler set single-season and career receiving records, but the Tigers ran a conservative offense and Butler never came close to the sort of day he had against the Jets. "What happened was too wild to dream about," Butler says. Indeed, Butler's best single-game performance at Clemson had been 163 yards, and four touchdowns represented a season's work.

Butler closed out his Clemson career last December in the Gator Bowl game in which the Tigers beat Cousineau's Buckeyes and Woody Hayes took a poke at one of Butler's teammates. "I hit Cousineau on one play," says the slight, 180-pound Butler with a smile, "but I doubt if he remembers the blow."

Butler is just one of three rookies starting for the Bills, the others being second-round draft choices Fred Smerlas and Jim Haslett. The 6' 3", 270-pound Smerlas, who recovered a Richard Todd fumble for a touchdown in the 46-31 rout of the Jets, works at nose tackle, while the 6' 3", 232-pound Haslett is playing the inside slot. Cousineau was expected to fill in Knox's 3-4 defense. In his first NFL game, Haslett had 13 solo tackles against the Miami Dolphins and was named Buffalo's best player.

Curiously, neither Smerlas nor Haslett prepared for the NFL in the kind of big-time, big-winning program schools value so highly. Smerlas toiled last year for Boston College, which finished 0-11, the only winless major college in the country. Haslett played his football at Indiana University. To be more precise, at Indiana University of Pennsylvania, good ol' IUP. In Haslett's last three years the Big Indians—that's right, the Big Indians—suffered three straight non-winning records in the Pennsylvania Conference, while playing the likes of Slippery Rock and Lock Haven.

In training camp Smerlas and Haslett were Buffalo's pranksters-in-residence.

They bottled curfew with reckless abandon, and instituted the practice of hazing veterans. One day they used rolls of tape to barricade Defensive Back Marvin Switzer in his dormitory room. Switzer is no longer with the Bills. He was cut... or may still be locked in the dorm.

Like the other Buffalo rookies, Smerlas and Haslett don't bemoan the loss of Cousineau. In fact, the Bills' first-year players poked fun at Cousineau in an X-rated skit in their rookie show. "I get mad when people say I took Cousineau's place," says the fiery Haslett, who got into a fight on each of his first two days of practice with the Bills. "Cousineau never had a place. And if he comes back he still doesn't have one. I turned my spot. If he wants it, he'll have to take it away from me."

Meanwhile, across the border, Cousineau isn't dominating the Canadian Football League as expected. He didn't join the Alouettes until five days before their third regular-season game, but he was immediately inserted into the starting lineup. Cousineau faced a double handicap. Not only was he unfamiliar with the Canadian game—with its wider field, three downs and constant motion—but he also was playing the unfamiliar position of outside linebacker, Carl Crennel having retained his regular middle linebacker position. By his own admission, Cousineau's early performances were "embarrassing." Now he seems to have adjusted.

"When I was first here, other teams were running at me all the time," Cousineau says. "Nobody runs at me much anymore. I've played some damn fine games."

Buffalo officials blame their failure to sign Cousineau on his agent, Jimmy Walsh, who used to handle Joe Namath's NFL negotiations. Walsh has admitted that he and a group of investors, including Namath, are interested in purchasing part of the Alouettes. That disclosure prompted Bills owner Ralph Wilson to charge, "Walsh certainly took care of his own affairs. He steered Tom to Montreal for his own personal reasons."

Walsh and Alouette owner Sam Berger deny any connection between the agent's business interests and his client's decision. Privately, Walsh has told friends that the Buffalo offer—reportedly \$1.2 million for five years—was very mis-



Butler niddled the Jets with four TD catches

leading in that it was loaded with performance clauses that would be virtually impossible for any rookie linebacker to meet.

Cousineau, who never personally negotiated with the Bills, says, "I'm the one who had to put his name on the contract. I wasn't coerced by Jimmy Walsh. The simple truth is that the lump sum in Montreal was greater and the payout was much better."

However, Cousineau's CFL contract reportedly includes a "happiness clause," which allows him to void the Montreal deal if he becomes disenchanted. This explains why Norm Pflumm, the Bills' director of college scouting, has seen some Montreal games, and also why the Bills, who were humiliated by Cousineau's decision to go north, never knock Cousineau in print. As vice-president Siew Barber, who handled the Cousineau negotiations, says, "Look, we want the kid back. I don't want to say anything that might upset him."

Cousineau insists he is content. "I like Montreal," he says. "It's like a piece of Europe. I'm happy with the money I'm making, and I'm on a winning team. What more can you ask? There may never be a reason to go back."

END

NEARLY A VALE OF TEARS



McDonald completed 14 of 20 pass attempts with the help of Center Giv's Foote and his cohorts.

USC barely managed to come out of LSU's Tiger Stadium—known as Death Valley—with its national title hopes alive **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

There are a lot of LSU fans just like me," curly Brisset, 46, was saying at twilight last Saturday outside Tiger Stadium in Baton Rouge amid the unbridled hysteria of fans getting tuned up for the evening's game with No. 1-ranked Southern California. And to show just what kind of a fan he is, Brisset reached for his wallet and whipped out some pictures . . . of his New Orleans home. It's lovely, unless one happens to have an

aversion to a \$200,000 home painted purple and gold, which happen to be LSU's colors. The four antebellum columns, the fence, the gate and the mailbox are decorated with the same color scheme. And that's not all, folks. There's a painting of a tiger on the double front doors.

"I thought you might notice that," said Brisset. "A lady did it. Took her 11 days and nights. Cost me \$300. When I was having the doors put up, my neighbor



White rushed for 185 yards in the 17-12 win.

was sneaking around in the bushes and I heard him call to his wife in this anguished voice, 'Gloria, he's at it again.' " Curly admits his house is a conversation piece, maybe even a traffic hazard. Less dedicated LSU adherents obviously don't hold it in such high regard—the place was egged three times last week.

One of the photos shows Brisset's purple Cadillac—he's a Caddy salesman—with the purple interior parked out front. How come no gold top, Curly? "That would not be in good taste," he sniffs. Inside the car are well-worn tapes of LSU songs and rebroadcasts of the Tigers' most stirring games.

LSU's biggest star ever was 1959 Heisman winner Billy Cannon. Years ago, when Brisset's wife, Rosemary, was pregnant, they were at a game and Curly said, "If we have a boy I'm naming him Billy Cannon Brisset," Rosemary said, "You wouldn't dare." Today, Billy Cannon Brisset is a student manager for the Tigers. Curly didn't attend LSU, but he simply loves his football team to death.

Indeed, nowhere else in America can fans match the bonkers-beyond-bananas support that LSU backers bestow on the Tigers. In their eyes, nothing is too outrageous, as long as it's done in behalf of LSU. Witness: there's one guy who swears he'll pay \$1,000 to anyone who catches him not wearing purple socks. Witness: Jim LeBlanc and his family wear simulated tiger-skin outfits to games. "We like to show our colors—or stripes," he says. Witness: Tiger Stadium is better known to visiting teams as Death Valley. In this sort of setting, Curly is just one of the boys.

Last Saturday evening 78,322 such zealots arrived in a frenzy and worked up from there as their Tigers whipped USC all over the field—until 12:23 remained in the final quarter. Then the Trojans, behind 12-3 and surveying what looked like the wreckage of their anticipated national championship season, found life in Death Valley. They scored two touchdowns—including the game-winner with 32 seconds left—in the noisiest stadium in America, to triumph 17-12. That ran their record to 4-0 and prompted USC Coach John Robinson to say, "We have the heart of a champion."

That was no overstatement, especially considering that Southern Cal had the misfortune of encountering an LSU team

which, pumped up beyond belief by its raucous fans, went out and played the entire game without its feet ever touching the ground. That was the only way the Tigers could've stayed with the Trojans, who already have been proclaimed by three football coaches as the best college team ever. Now, that might just be an overstatement. "Flattery is seducing," says Robinson. "That's a lot to live up to." Had the Tigers been able to hang on for the victory, it would have been their biggest win since 1971 when they whipped Notre Dame 28-8. Former Governor John McKeithen, a fan of properly wild devotion, says, "For that game, we got 'em in the stadium, locked the gates and kept 'em there until we beat 'em."

Southern Cal narrowly escaped a similar fate and knows it. And have no doubt, the spectators played a big, big role in the near upset. "Nothing is done at LSU to inhibit the spirit of our fans," says Athletic Director Paul Dietzel. "And they will get cranked up." That's a tradition in Cajun country, where life's main preoccupation seems to be finding new and better ways to keep the good times rolling. Indeed, the sainted Billy Cannon, now an orthodontist, laughs and says, "Great fans. Great. They're with you through everything, win or tie." But he's joking, because nowhere are the rooters as loyal in defeat.

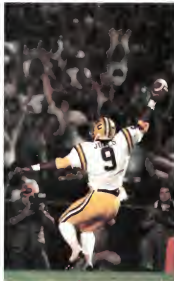
It all makes a body tingle. These folks go berserk when the band marches on the field. A huge roar is heard for the invocation, for heaven's sake. They not only know the words to the national anthem, they sing them, loudly. And, when the Tigers win the toss—as happened Saturday—there are tears of ecstasy.

To get ready for Death Valley, Robinson rented a crowd-noise tape from Universal Studios and installed a high-powered sound system at his practice field to broadcast the roars during last week's drills. Also, the first day the system didn't work too well, but Robinson was his usual philosophical self. "That's O.K.," he told the crestfallen technicians, "our team isn't perfect either." Anyway, added Offensive Guard Brad Budde, "great teams aren't intimidated by the crowd." Certainly Budde played as if he couldn't be intimidated by a stadium full of genuine tigers. He put on the kind of performance that has stamped him as the

continuum



Don Barthel hit for a pair of LSU field goals



LePard Jones added six more points on a pass



LSU's McClendon is a squawking lane duck

best offensive lineman in the country.

It's easy for fans to overlook Budde and his fellow linemen, most notably Center Chris Foote and Tackle Keith Van Horne. That's because Tailback Charles White is very much in evidence—he carried the ball 31 times for 185 yards Saturday night—and so is the icy-cool, left-handed quarterback, Paul McDonald, who now has a .690 completion percentage. But Robinson isn't so easily distracted. He has watched Budde closely for four seasons now and extols him as "the most competitive football player I've ever been around. When he goes to the NFL, he'll be in the Pro Bowl for eight or nine years." Brad, son of former Kansas City Chief Guard Ed Budde, smiles when he talks of the weekly punishment inflicted on his body. "I should've listened to my dad when he told me I ought to become a field-goal kicker," he says. "But I think I can be better than he was [Ed was an

All-Pro seven times in his 14-year career]. I expect it, and he expects it. See, at my position you have to love the game. It's not exciting to block."

However, Budde may not be all that much better than Van Horne, a broadcast journalism major who prefers radio to TV, because "I like to be where I can be heard but not seen." Which is just about what one would expect of an offensive lineman. "The kind of guy who plays the offensive line is the kind who doesn't mind being overshadowed," says Foote. At this his wife, Suzy, looks up at him and says, "I watch you to see if you make your tackle."

"You mean my block," says Chris.

"Oh, yeah, your block."

In the first half on Saturday, it seemed as if Southern Cal had forgotten all about both blocking and tackling. The defense, which had given up 81 yards rushing a game, played as if it was scared LSU would complete a long pass, thus it allowed 145 yards, mostly on plays designed to yield short gains. And the offense seemed bewildered by the Tigers' eight-man line. All the Trojans could manage was a 32-yard first-quarter field goal by Eric Hipp following Jeff Fisher's interception of a David Woodley pass.

Meanwhile, the Tigers, like their fans, were letting it all hang out. After the Trojans' three-pointer, Steve Ensminger, who had replaced Woodley at quarterback, completed a pass to Split End Tracy Porter for 15 yards, and Fullback Jude Hernandez followed that with a 24-yard bolt up the middle. That put the ball on the USC 12. Two plays later Ensminger threw over the center to Tailback LeRond Jones for an LSU touchdown. A fumbled snap spoiled the conversion attempt, but 10 minutes later, after recovering a USC fumble, the Tigers got to the Trojan 15 before they settled for a 32-yard field goal by Don Barthel. Thus, Southern Cal found itself trailing 9-3 at the half and hard-pressed to find anything to shout about—which at that moment made them unique in Tiger Stadium.

The third quarter was not one of substantial improvement for USC, although the Trojans did mount an opening 68-yard march that got them down to the LSU seven before it fizzled. After a field-goal attempt was off to the right, the Tigers roared right to a first down on the USC two. But a plunge for no gain, a nine-yard loss on a pitchout and an in-

continued



Chris Williams' fingertip grab of a pass intended for Keith Williams shut down USC's opening drive



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completion moved them back to the 11. In came Barthel again for a field goal, up went another three points, and USC was down by nine. However, the Trojan offensive line seemed to have overcome its uncertainty on the USC's second-half opening drive, and there were still 18½ minutes to play. Could it be that the Trojans weren't dead, but only lying in the weeds?

This seemed to be the case early in the fourth quarter when USC went 57 yards in six plays, thanks to some nifty passing by McDonald, who completed 14 of 20 against a Tiger defense that had allowed only 15 completions in winning its two previous games. Of course, the Trojan drive included some renditions of that old USC standard: Student Body Right, or 28 Pitch. At the end of this series White followed Budde, Van Horne and Foote on three straight plays for 17 yards, the last gain four yards and a touchdown to make it LSU 12, USC 10.

Then, with 5:52 left, USC fumbled again, the Tigers' Alvin Thomas recov-

ering on the Trojan 26, and it looked as if LSU would survive, maybe even prosper.

But an offensive-interference penalty and a delay-of-game call resulted in the Tigers having to punt from their 44. The ball was fair-caught at the USC 21, where Southern Cal went to work with 4:16 remaining. Helped by a face-mask penalty, the Trojans inexorably marched toward the Tiger goal line. The drive culminated with McDonald throwing from the eight, off a rollout, to Kevin Williams, running an out pattern, and USC was in front 17-12. It was Williams' 33rd reception of his USC career. Sixteen of them have been for touchdowns.

The Tigers had 24 seconds to regain the lead after a 20-yard runback of the kickoff and a holding penalty called on the Trojans spotted the ball on the LSU 42. A 28-yard pass from Ensminger to Robert Delee got the Tigers to the Trojan 30, but Safety Dennis Smith broke up two Ensminger passes in the end zone—and the LSU rooters' hearts.

The defeat was an especially trying one for LSU Coach Charlie McClendon, who at the end of this season—his 18th at Baton Rouge—is being fired as head coach, despite having won 70% of his games. In fact, it was only the return of Dietzel to LSU in the summer of 1978 that enabled McClendon to coach this year. The Board of Supervisors had given him the gate, but Dietzel worked out a plan to give his old friend one more season. Last year the signs around campus read "Help Mac Pack." But last week, what with the Tigers' start in which they had averaged 45.5 points a game, the sloganers were testing a new one: "Bring Mac Back."

It was a finish that left everyone emotionally drained. It also left White in awe—again—of his offensive linemen. "I love 'em all," he said, "Everything seems to depend on them." Added Van Horne, "When Charlie gets 185 yards, I know I had a good day." Which is not the same thing as a good night for the demizens of Tiger Stadium.

END



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A Game In Search of Some Contests

Hockey hasn't boomed because it has spent too much time expanding and brawling—and not enough on improvement

by Ken Dryden



To hockey's benefit, Montreal owns the Cup.

Once upon a time there was a World Boxing League. It was a small league, but it was much loved in its 10 cities. To get a network TV contract, President Gary Donaldson decided that the league would expand into 10 new cities.

Donaldson, an enlightened sort, recalled the ill effect of expansion drafts in other sports and decreed that the new franchises would not be obliged to suffer the leftovers of the existing franchises. Instead, they could go out and sign their own fighters. There was one catch: to ensure the preeminent position of the existing franchises, fighters for the expansion teams had to box with one arm tied behind their backs for two years.

When the season opened, people in the expansion cities flocked to the arenas. Seeing two one-armed fighters was a rather curious spectacle, but anything was better than nothing. Not long after, teams of two-armed fighters came to town. This was cause for great joy; finally, a chance to see real boxing. Even greater numbers came to the

continued

After six NHL championships in eight years, Dryden, 32, has retired to write his bar exam.

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD SPARKS



HOCKEY continued

arenas, but they went away disappointed. The two-armed fighters were too good. The one-armed fighters could only clinch and dance. And they could inflict damage only by butting and heeling.

The referees remained strangely aloof, rarely trying to stop these dangerous tactics. They knew that the fans came to see a contest, and if they stopped the clinching and butting and heeling, the one-armed fighters would be defenseless.

By midseason the novelty of having their own team began to fade for the hometown fans. And the expansion owners grew worried. Wasn't there some way to provide better fights and better entertainment? Well, there was one way. The owners knew draft picks represented their future and that they should do nothing to jeopardize that future. But the losses were mounting, and they figured they had to do something. By trading only a few of their draft picks, they could pick up some two-armed fighters from the railroad squads of the original teams. The temptation was too great to resist.

As owner Jerry Bust of the foundering Hollywood Seeing Stars exclaimed, "What else can you do with one arm tied behind your back?"

The decade that was to see hockey become the next great American sport has come and almost gone, and like the comet Kohoutek, we are still waiting for it to happen. To say that hockey has made some gains may win the argument but lose the point. Its meager accomplishments have been accompanied by a loss of something much more critical—its once spectacular promise. But promise does not stand still. It gives and goes and must be constantly re-earned, or else it will go—unfulfilled. Hockey had it. Now other sports do.

For hockey, promise in the '70s meant U.S. promise. All the definitions came in U.S. terms. "Big League" meant L.A., Atlanta and Kansas City, not Edmonton, Quebec and Winnipeg. "Success" meant network TV contracts—ABC, NBC or CBS, not CBC or CTV. If I seem to concentrate too much on the U.S. in this article, it is because hockey has aimed itself at the U.S. during the past decade, and its success or failure must be judged on how well it has done in the U.S.

It started well. The decade began in the midst of a sports boom, and hockey seemed well placed to ride and feed it. Although hockey was a Canadian export,

it was a foreign game with a difference, a game built on proven U.S. attractions—speed, excitement and violence. And the game didn't seem quite so exclusively Canadian as it once did. Winning has a way of bringing a game (or anything else) home, and the Stanley Cup resided in Boston and Philadelphia as often as it did in Montreal or Toronto. With such success, one could almost forget that when Phil Esposito said he was from the Soo, he meant Ontario, not Michigan.

If hockey wasn't as "American" as hot dogs, apple pie and Chevrolet, in time it could become as "American" as tacos, pizza pie and Volkswagen. Hockey could make it big in the U.S., and the U.S. could make it big in hockey.

But by mid-decade serious problems had arisen. Even if most sports rode the boom to advantage, not all prospered. Paying customers continued to attend games in record numbers but insisted they were enjoying it less. They complained of ticket prices, player salaries, expansion and lawsuits. It often seemed as if our games were being played out more in courtrooms, across bargaining tables and in legislative assemblies than on the playing fields. (If I had been really smart, I would have been a lawyer in the '70s and a goalie in the '80s.)

The economy also turned downward, and all sports were affected, though not uniformly. The young and the infirm felt it most, and hockey was especially vul-



"In the '70s, fighting has been elevated from a supposedly spontaneous act to a contrived act."

nerable to this economic winterkill. But it was not an act of God or OPEC that created the vulnerability. If hockey has been a victim of circumstances, the circumstances were of its own making.

And yet it has been a decade of significant achievement. In the beginning there were Bobby Orr and Phil Esposito. Then along came Bobby Clarke and Guy Lafleur, and lately Bryan Probert, Larry Robinson, Denis Potvin and others. It has been a decade of the Boston Bruins, the Philadelphia Flyers—and mostly the Montreal Canadiens (again). Although the record book has been ravaged as much by inflation—too few good teams chasing too many poor teams—as by performance, the achievements nonetheless remain remarkable.

But the decade that made Joe DiMaggio synonymous with coffee makers and Bobby Hull with league jumping has also made Dave Schultz, Dave Forbes and Dan Maloney (through court cases) and the Oakland Seals and Colorado Rockies synonymous with hockey—and therein lies the problem. If it has seemed to be a decade that happened more off the ice, it is because it happened too infrequently on the ice.

But the quality of play has not been good enough often enough to deflect attention consistently from the issues and incidents of hockey. The good teams grew slightly in number. The poor teams, however, grew exponentially. In chasing markets and beating back the WHA, hockey neglected its product—the contest—and put on too many mismatches and non-matches. It was a decade dominated not by Orr or Lafleur or the Canadiens, but by expansion.

I am not a determinist. To me dominoes is a game, not a thought process. I have sympathy for those who feel that 12 years is long enough to flog the dead horse of expansion and who would admonish, "Let's put expansion behind us." That would be fine, of course, if expansion were a dead horse. Unfortunately, it has been alive and ever present in action as well as in effect. And while the WHA "expansion" was beyond the NHL's control, the older league's expansion from six to 18 teams surely was not.

Expansion was going to happen. It was the mood and the style of the time. Major league membership conveys major league status. Major cities provide major markets. Leagues and cities and entrepreneurs found themselves in happy sym-

biosis. As a result, all leagues expanded, and all but baseball spawned rival leagues. The AFL, ABA and WHA succeeded only through survival and eventual merger; the WFL did not.

The NHL needed expansion. Its six-city membership reflected only compatible winter climates and prewar demographics and transportation modes. The league was slow to recognize urbanization, the airplane and TV. Taking advantage of the first two and pursuing the third demanded dramatic steps. The unsophisticated and the outmoded would be discarded in pursuit of the future. Out were Canada, gate receipts and "cities"—in were the U.S., TV and "markets." The NHL did nothing but adopt the prevailing sports wisdom. But in doing so it failed to take into account its own uniqueness. Other sports, starting with a larger base of teams, expanded sooner, more gradually and in a more limited way. The NHL, starting with a small base and a continent to fill, was in a hurry—going from six teams to 12 in 1967, to 14 in 1970, to 16 in 1972 and to 18 in 1974, thereby tripling in size in seven years.

A system that was geared to producing 120 elite hockey players, six coaches and six general managers was quickly asked to produce three times that number. The short-term "solution" was obvious and necessary—remove the minor league tag and replace it with a spanking new major league label. The medium-term solution has been to employ more "imports"—American, Swedish, Finnish and Czech players. The long-term solution is for the system to produce more players. And the WHA compounded the problem. It never became a serious rival to the NHL, existing more as a separate expansion league, but it nonetheless did considerable damage in acting as one more claimant on an already overfished talent pool.

Other sports absorbed their expansions easily and quickly. The brunt was borne principally by a grateful home citizenry and only a few times a year by others. The large number of existing teams and the very small number of expansion teams meant little had to be given up by each "old" team when it came to stocking the "new" teams. Moreover, baseball, basketball and football were drawing from the vast American—and in baseball's case, Latin American as well—talent pool.

Hockey, on the other hand, was absorbed by expansion. No other sport expanded so quickly, nor with such a limited base from which to draw. The effect has been profound. Expansion changed the competitive balance of the NHL and, in so doing, changed the league's predominant style of play.

Expansion teams are added to the bottom of a league. If there had been only three or four competitive teams in the six-team NHL, there were still only three or four in the expanded league. Time, it was hoped, would remedy the problem. But time in an untimed market is short. With some urgency, the new teams looked for ways to equalize.

Off the ice, it could be done by trading a promising future for a palatable present. On the ice, there were no such seductive shortcuts. Teams simply had to do the best they could with what they had. That meant using their limited skills in the most effective way—by playing a defensive and neutralizing style designed to slow down the swift, intimidate the skilled and frustrate the superior. If the results of the games didn't change much, the scores were lower and the important illusion of competition was created.

What had changed, clearly, was the style of play. When expansion teams resorted to a "dump the puck out" defensive game, they forced the better teams to "dump it in and chase" on offense. This makes for a game with a definite defensive orientation. Possession means little. Between the goal areas the puck serves only as a rallying point for the action. Controlling the man is more important than controlling the puck, and controlling the zone is more important than both. Offense has come to be principally the application of defensive skills in the offensive zone—forechecking, body checking, strength, toughness. Only after all the scrum action in the corners, behind the net, along the boards and in front of the net do offensive skills come into play—as possession is gained and the puck is moved quickly and automatically to the point, the slot or in front of the net for a shot on goal.

Normally, a shift in the offense-defense balance of a game results in a league's intervening with rule changes. Mounds are lowered, strike zones made smaller, balls made more lively, "hand checking" and "bump and run" made illegal. But the NHL did not intervene, because restoring the offense-defense bal-

continued

ance would have meant further widening the weak-strong team imbalance.

The NHL further encouraged "competition" through its passive attitude toward intimidation and violence, because the weak survive only by defense and its aberrations. Hockey's most dramatic form of violence—and sport's most curious—is fighting. Part of the Canadian hockey mythology is that fighting is an inherent part of the game, that in any game in which the playing surface is enclosed and players carry sticks and travel at speeds approaching 30 mph, collisions will occur and, with accidental or intentional rule violations, create violent feelings and, ergo, fights. Moreover, we are told, fighting has its positive side; it acts to release the pent-up aggression that might otherwise find expression in more dangerous stick swinging.

We have not yet found an explanation for the European game, which uses the same enclosed area (albeit a slightly larger one), where players carry the same sticks and travel even faster and yet manage to avoid fights. For a long time we answered with the non sequitur, "Well,

after all, who's better?" We are now searching for a sequitur.

Nor have we found an explanation for anthropologist Richard Sipes. Unfortunately, while the league had read its Freud on violence ("drive-discharge"), it had neglected its Sipes. In what has come to be the prevailing view on the subject, Sipes explained violence not as a human potential requiring release, but rather as one that, once released, is learned and repeated, i.e., violence feeds—it does not starve—violence.

The 1970s have seen fighting elevated from a supposedly inherent and spontaneous act to the level of a conscious and contrived tactic, and its most successful proponent, the Philadelphia Flyers, won consecutive Stanley Cups.

The NHL encouraged fighting by not doing enough to discourage it. (Contrast this with the NBA's treatment of fighting.) The fines levied were small and usually paid by the clubs as "team strategy." The referees were directed to uphold their credo, "Thou shalt not decide the outcome of the game," and by non-feasance violated it. And the Flyers encouraged it by winning.

But then the Flyers lost and the Canadiens have not lost since. The hockey Cold War is over. The arms race has been rolled back. Even the Flyers have been "born again." Goons have not been entirely eliminated, but they are found more on benches as deterrents than on the ice as instigators. It was not the league that discouraged violence. It was a better team with a different style that did.

The Canadiens are a special team. We are told we are special because we are more than just a hockey team. We are told we have an impact on our fans far greater than the result of the last game or the last season. We are told that we embody the spirit and the aspirations of the people of Quebec. And since Nov. 15, 1976, the date the province elected a government dedicated to an independent Quebec, the Canadiens have become all things to all parties. To Canadian federalists, we represent the Canadian dream that works—a team made up almost equally of French- and English-speaking players, working in harmony and friendship and succeeding. To the Quebec *indépendantistes*, we represent the first stirrings of *Québécois* pride in a child. To the Quebec federalists, we are both; we are Quebec and we are Canada together.

Closer to the ice, we are a Montreal Forum, filled not with seats but with people—elegant, excited people. We are Roger Doucet singing *O Canada* more than 40 times a season, each time as if it were his first. We are a dressing room that quotes poetry. Along one wall, in French and an English, words from *In Flanders Fields* are directed from the pictured faces of former Canadians now in the Hockey Hall of Fame to their successors below. *To you from failing hands we throw the torch, be yours to hold it high.* It is a torch that has been passed down a seemingly endless line of Canadian greats—Vezina, Morenz, Richard, Blake, Harvey, Plante, Geoffrion, Beliveau, Lafleur . . .

But it is "on the ice" that makes us a special team. The poetry, the analysis, the ambience, the pride would all find a home somewhere else if we did not win. If we did not win, no one would want us as a symbol or as an institution. But we do win and often—the last four Stanley Cups in a row, six of the last nine, 15 of the last 25, 22 in all. And it is the way we win—we play "good hockey." We also play tough hockey, but our toughness resides in the mind, not in the fist. Even though most fans root for the underdog, when we win there are remarkably few hard feelings. It is as if everyone joins in a requiem in celebration of "good hockey."

We are a team without excuses. There are no convenient crutches to be found in the city, the fans, the management, the coaching, your teammates or in the other teams. We aren't going to be beaten because of lack of support, a bad trade, poor coaching or a better team. If we lose, it will be our fault.

We are a team that has "those nights," those nights when the game finds a level you didn't know existed. Those magic nights when everything you do and everything the guy next to you does, and everything the guy next to him . . . when everything the team does, works. On those nights we know we are part of something special. When it is over and we are back in the dressing room we just look at ourselves in wonderment, shake our heads, roll our eyes and giggle. It is a time when all you can say is "unbelievable" over and over again, but that's all you need to say. It is a time when you look around the dressing room and can think only good things and feel only good feelings.

continued



The Soviets have now "taken away our game"

Zenith Audio Components. Specs, specs & more specs.

You know the Zenith name means great television. Now it means great audio, too. Check out some of the specs.

SPECS ON POWER

Zenith's MC7051 receiver delivers 40 watts per channel minimum. With both channels driven into 8 ohms from 20 to 20,000 Hz, there's only 0.05% or less Total Harmonic Distortion.



The pre-amp section provides excellent tone with a minimum of distortion. There are Hi and Lo filters. A loudness switch. Two-way tape monitor. And much more.

The tuner has IC's and ceramic filters to help eliminate noise and station interference. A Phase-Locked Loop MPX-IC gives pinpoint stereo separation by locking onto the stereo signal of the station you select.

SPECS ON SOUND



Allegro 4000 speakers are so efficient that comparable-sized air suspension speakers need twice the amplifier power to match their sound reproduction.

They're accurate, too. As illustrated here, the Allegro 4000 response curve is so flat, it hardly looks like a curve at all.

The Allegro 4000 has a 12-inch cone woofer with a high excursion phenolic voice coil. A



midrange with a 5-inch cone in its own subenclosure. And a brilliant 3½-inch horn tweeter.

Allegro 4000's, like all Allegro speakers, also feature a tuned port that uses air pumped by the woofer to extend and reinforce the bass response. And helps reduce distortion.

And for final fine tuning, the treble and midrange controls are right up front.

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The raised platter is heavy die-cast and lathe-cut aluminum weighing nearly three pounds. The tone arm is a highly sensitive, static-balanced S shape made of tubular aluminum for a gentle tracking force. Combined with a high quality magnetic cartridge, you get excellent performance and tracking.

The MC9050 also includes strobe, anti-skate control and bidirectional hydraulically-damped cueing.

SPECS ON TAPE

For fast start ups, Zenith's MC9070 Stereo Cassette Deck depends on a reliable high-torque, frequency-governed DC motor. There are three-position bias and equalization switches that assure you optimum frequency response on any type of tape: 30 to 15,000 Hz on normal, 30 to 15,000 Hz on CrO₂ and 30 to 16,000 Hz on FeCr.



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THERE'S MORE TO ZENITH THAN SPECS, SPECS, SPECS

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We are a team and individuals maturing together. We have lived through rival leagues and free agency, and we continue to win. We come to Montreal, we stay, we retire. We turn over by natural causes, not trades or free agency.

We are all entering a time in sports, particularly in pro basketball, in which teams mature to win championships before their individual members do. Those winning teams are composed of players on the way up who are too involved with winning to be involved with themselves. When the players do mature and reach their peaks, they invariably do it somewhere else after they have become free agents and their original team is already on the way down. Rarely do we see the full flowering of player and team together. In Montreal, it is an annual event.

It is being special that makes the Canadiens special. It is the rare opportunity to be a part of something special that brings you to Montreal and keeps you there. There are very few chances to work with the best to become the best, so when you get the chance, you grab it. That is what has made the Canadiens a special team, that is what continues to make them special. This is not something that is automatically renewed, however. Winning never is. Once the Canadiens become even just another good team, the problems everyone else faces will become theirs as well. Therein lies the solution, and the problem.

But remaining special is very hard. It means being strong enough to succeed in the present and secure the future at the same time. The Canadiens built their strength during the time of the professional sponsorship of minor hockey, expanded it during the early draft years (when they had priority French-speaking picks) and made it grow dramatically with expansion. Those times are past. Extra draft picks are harder to come by; the minor leagues are depleted; and in the last year the Canadiens have lost three critical management people—General Manager Sam Pollock, Coach Scotty Bowman and Director of Player Personnel Al MacNeil, who safeguarded and deepened the Canadiens' tradition.

What remains is very good. Moreover, having a tradition of great players, coaches and managers means having a tradition of replacing great players, coaches and managers. And the Canadiens have obviously done that well. But while the Canadiens' present strength remains

largely intact, it is no longer of the magnitude to secure the future. That is the major change. Now, more than the law of averages threatens the Canadiens' preeminence.

Have the Canadiens been good for hockey? They've been essential. They have set standards of management and quality of play for the rest of the league to follow, and hockey is far richer for it. The Canadiens' dilemma is that they will have increased difficulty in meeting that standard themselves.

Now we look ahead to the '80s. While most fans have chosen to remember the Soviet victory over the NHL All-Stars in last February's Challenge Cup as more decisive than it was, it is at least arguable that it represented for us the first step down the other side of the competitive mountain. The second and third games of that series exposed the dangerously one-dimensional nature of our game. Until that time, Soviet-NHL games had assumed a predictable pattern. The NHL would generate a wide territorial edge in play, continuously applying pressure in the Soviet zone; the Soviets would counter with Vladislav Tretiak's strong goaltending and a quick-breaking, opportunistic offense. But in the Challenge Cup the Soviets widened the scope of their offense—adding pursuit to their possession style—and improved their defensive game by adding quickness, toughness and patience. And they took away our game.

Simply doing what we've been doing—only better—may not be good enough. Before the Challenge Cup I thought back on the mixed results that I had had in games against the Soviet team, and I wondered if I was simply not made for the quickness of the international game. I asked myself, "Am I a dinosaur? Am I simply too big to adapt?" After the most recent series, perhaps the more appropriate question was: "Are we all dinosaurs? Are we all traveling on our bellies when others are using wings?"

We have suffered the fate of originators and developers. Our styles and structures have become conservative and bureaucratic. Our off-ice preoccupations have caused, if not a deterioration, at least not the expected advancement of our game. We have existed too long in the isolation of superiority. Others have met the challenge of the latecomer by adopting a progressive style, an experimental approach and, above all, a commitment. The Soviets have used the Ca-

nadian game as a standard, but they have scrupulously avoided using it as a model. They prefer to hide in the splendid isolation provided by an ocean and a culture and develop their own school of hockey.

The U.S. has not been so lucky. Having no place to hide, it has found itself in the shadow of a dominant neighbor. Perhaps because of inexperience, it has not learned the lesson of the small—to compete you must be progressive. Instead, it has been content to tag along as a smaller and less successful version of Canadian hockey. The irony is rich.

The rapid development of Soviet hockey, however, should provide the U.S. with the stimulus and the self-confidence necessary to chart its own course and put its imprint on the sport from its own sports heritage, just as the Europeans have from theirs. One can only hope so. The U.S. game needs it. The Canadian game needs it, too. Cultural and political differences may make the Soviet style a deniable model to the NHL. Not so a distinctive U.S. model.

Canada needs some impetus to become what historically it has not been—a progressive country. We have lived off our European parents and off our rich resource inheritance. In hockey, we have lived off our climate and our head start. We have never had to live by our wits. To stay competitive, we are going to have to learn.

We don't need to remake our game; indeed, we couldn't even if we wanted to. But we must inject greater variety and balance into it. We need more speed, quickness and "possession" skills (stick-handling, passing, etc.), which we have not only neglected but have also actually discouraged with the small ice surfaces of our rinks, bigger players, imbalance of skills and teams, "permissible fouls" and violence.

I went to school for 21 years. I lived with my parents for 18 years. I've been married for nine years. I played hockey for 25 years. Although it was my occupation for only nine years, it has been my preoccupation all my life. I will miss it very much. I will now become what I always was before this too-brief hiatus—a fan.

In the '70s, we discovered what hockey isn't—and shouldn't be. In the '80s, we can concentrate on what it can be and should be.

We'll all be watching.

CONTINUED

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Bigger, Not Better

by E.M. Swift

About the nicest thing that can be said of the forthcoming NHL season is that the merger with the havoc-wreaking WHA is a *fait accompli*. Four survivors of the WHA—Winnipeg, Edmonton, Quebec and Hartford—are now members, though sheared ones, of the NHL's bloated 21-team fold. Each of the new clubs was allowed to protect only two skaters and two goalies from its WHA roster, and most of the WHA's stars were swept up by the established clubs that owned their NHL rights. The result: the rich got richer; the poor got reamed, steamed and dry-cleaned; and league parity was set back another five years. In the clubby, myopic world of the NHL, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*.

Oddly, last season was a banner one for parity in the NHL. Of the top six teams of 1977-78, only the New York Islanders improved their record. In the meantime, five of the bottom seven teams did better. While the difference between the best (Islanders) and worst (Colorado Rockies) records was still a gargantuan 74 points, the gap was 10 points smaller than it had been in 1977-78. Things appeared to be heading in the right direction.

Unfortunately, that disparity should widen considerably this season. The unbalanced schedule that tended to pit the weak against the weak more often than against the strong, and was largely responsible for the closer competition last season, has been abandoned. Now each team will play every other NHL club four times, twice at home, twice on the road. The Islanders, Philadelphia, the Rangers and Atlanta—Patrick Division rivals who had the first-, fourth-, fifth- and sixth-best records in the NHL in 1978-79—will play each other only four times instead of eight. That alone should ensure that they will pull further away from the pack.

In most sports, one talks about who will make the playoffs. In hockey, one talks about who will miss them. It isn't easy. The five teams with the worst records will end their seasons on April 6—regardless of their standings in division or conference, which are meaningless under the present format. In all, NHL teams will play a total of 840 regular-season games to eliminate five of 21 teams. Doesn't it just set your blood racing with anticipation? Which five will miss out? How about St. Louis, Vancouver, Hartford, Edmonton and Winnipeg? Which of

the surviving 16 will make it through the Spring Classic, the Second Season, the playoffs, to win the Stanley Cup? Well, wriggle into your snuggles, *aficionados*, it's going to be a long, long winter—and spring. This thing might not be decided until the Fourth of July.

New Coaches Nowhere is the inbreeding of the NHL more apparent than in the area of coaching changes. Seven of the 17 old clubs have new coaches, but only one. CHICAGO, has a man who has never coached in the NHL before. He is Eddie Johnston, a much-traveled former goaltender, who promises to have the Black Hawks play a more wide-open brand of hockey than they did the past two seasons under Bob Pulford, now the full-time general manager. Johnston takes over a team that has lost a record 16

continued



SCOUTING REPORTS continued

consecutive playoff games. How much more offensive can you get? The Hawks traded away their most productive scorer, Ivan Boldirev, near the end of last season and received Atlanta captain Tom Lysiak in return. The Windy City gave Lysiak a severe case of the chills, and he played 14 games for the Hawks without scoring a goal. Two players Chicago reclaimed from the Winnipeg Jets, Terry Ruskowski and Rich Preston, should add some life to the offense, and if all else fails, there's always the Golden Jet, Bobby Hull, whom the Hawks have been trying to reacquire from Winnipeg. Hull, 39, would provide some nice nostalgia, especially if he skates on the same line with 39-year-old Stan Mikita. But unfortunately Hull and Mikita would still be the Hawks' best players—save for 36-year-old Tony Esposito, who has signed on for another year in goal.

ATLANTA's playoff record is nearly as bad as Chicago's. The Flames have won only a Stanley Cup series, losing 12 of 13 games. Last year's playoff loss to Toronto cost Coach Fred Creighton his job, and Al MacNeil was lured away from Montreal's front office to replace him. The offense, which already included 100-plus point scorers Bob MacMillan and Guy Chouinard and 35-goal scorer Boldirev, has been bolstered by the addition of Center Kent Nilsson, a Swede (no relation to the Rangers' Ulf) who scored 107 points in each of the past two seasons with Winnipeg. On defense, Phil Russell, who came in the Boldirev-Lysiak trade, will work alongside Brad Marsh. Atlanta's top draft choice in 1978, and MacNeil will attempt to teach the Flames the Montreal-style team defense. Twenty-year-old Pat Riggins, who played last year for Birmingham of the WHA, will give overworked and often inconsistent Dan Bouchard relief in the nets.

Creighton has moved on to BOSTON. "I've got a pretty tough act to follow," he moans and for good reason. He may have some trouble keeping Don (Grapes) Cherry's free-spirited lunch-pail Bruins working together. John Wensink scored 28 goals for Cherry last year, a total he is not likely to accumulate in the rest of his career, and Rick Middleton developed into a 38-goal scorer. On defense, Brad Park has bad knees, Mike Milbury is coming off an undistinguished year, and Gary Doak, Rick Smith and Dick Redmond perform well only within the narrow confines of the Boston Garden rink, which is only 83'x191'—compared to the NHL norm of 85'x200'—and is probably the Bruins' greatest asset. First-round draft picks Raymond Bourque, 18, the top junior defenseman in Quebec last season, and Brad McCrimmon could break in as instant regulars. Championships, however, are not won with rookie defensemen.

COLORADO made all the right moves in the off-season, but with 15 wins in 80 games last year, the Rockies had to. They hired Cherry away from the Bruins and hung on to the league's No. 1 pick in the draft by refusing an offer of three Montreal regulars. With that pick, the Rockies selected Rob (Rammer) Ramage, another of Birmingham's "Baby Bulls." Ramage is the best defenseman to come into the NHL since Barry (Bubba) Beck, with whom he will now be paired. These two could save the franchise

True, the offense scored only 210 goals last year, fewest in the league, but if Cherry can get 28 goals out of Wensink, just imagine what he might do with temperamental Wolf Plemmet. Though their goaltending is abysmal, the Rockies could be the most improved team in the league.

When Cherry reads about the problems besetting the MONTREAL Canadiens, he sounds a little like Sour Grapes. "Why couldn't all this have happened when I was coaching the Bruins?" he says. In rapid succession during the off-season, MacNeil left, Coach Scotty Bowman defected to Buffalo, goalie Ken Dryden retired, and Center Jacques Lemaire went off to play and coach in Switzerland. But the Canadiens, who will be going for a record-tying fifth straight Stanley Cup, have a way of landing on their feet. In an outrageously one-sided deal, Montreal sent Pat Hughes, a reserve forward, and minor league goaltender Bob Holland to Pittsburgh for Denis Herron and a draft choice. Herron, 27, is one of the top five goalies in hockey, and he and Bunney Larocque will give Les Canadiens depth and experience. Although Lemaire will be sorely missed, most especially by linemate Guy Lafleur, Montreal still has the best bunch of centers in the league—Pierre Mondou, Mark Napier, Doug Rusbrough, Doug Jarvis and Pierre Larocque. And all those game-controlling defensesmen—Larry Robinson, Serge Savard and Guy Lapointe—are still in town. The biggest imponderable in Montreal is not what is on the bench, but who is behind it. Bernie Geoffrion has left Atlanta's broadcast booth to coach his former team, a selection that has received approval from the fans and, presumably, the Broomer's son, Danny, a WHA refugee who will be trying to make the Canadiens. But this may be the year Montrealers finally realize how good a coach Bowman was. Ze Boom-Boom, he eez a nice fellow, mais....

Bowman takes over as general manager and coach of the BUFFALO Sabres, who tied Colorado for the distinction of being the NHL's least-improved team last year by scoring 17 fewer points than they did in 1977-78 and dropping from fourth to seventh place in the overall standings. Although the personnel remains essentially the same, Bowman has the makings of the sort of winner he molded in Montreal. Don Luce and Craig Ramsay are checking forwards in the manner of Bob Gainey and Doug Jarvis; Richard Martin is a sharpshooter à la Steve Shutt; and Gilbert Perreault, a masterly skater and scorer, could approach Lafleur in overall brilliance if he ever learns to use his teammates. At the very least, the Sabres will boast the most impressive hockey brain trust this side of Moscow. As assistants, Bowman has recruited Roger Neilson, the scholarly ex-Maple Leaf coach, and former Montreal handyman Jimmy Roberts.

There's a little reunion going on across the lake in TORONTO, where owner Harold Ballard, who fired Punch Imlach a decade ago, rehired him as general manager. Imlach promptly named Floyd Smith as the new coach, the same Floyd Smith he fired two years ago when both were with Buffalo. Aside from Darryl Sittler, Larry McDonald and No. 1 draft pick Laurie Boschman, there are no Leafs who can score with any great proficiency. The defense, led by Borge

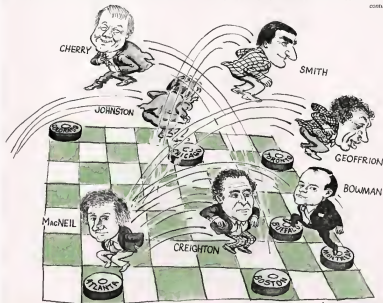
Salminger, Ian Turnbull and Mike Palmateer, who was probably the league's best goalie in the second half of last season, ranked fourth overall. But this team is on its way south, unlike the ticket prices in Maple Leaf Gardens, which Bal-lard has increased by another 20%.

New Faces The suspicion is that if Coach Al An-bour doesn't win it all this year, there will be many new faces on the NEW YORK Islanders by the start of the 1980-81 season. Face 1 would be that of a new coach. The Is-landers have been upset before the Stanley Cup finals for two years in a row, and on both occasions Mike Bossy, Bryan Trottier, Clark Gillies and Denis Potvin, all extra-ordinary during the regular season, performed erratically when it mattered most. Time will tell if this will become a rite of spring on Long Island. Otherwise, the team appears strong-er than ever. Defensemen Gerry Hart and Pat Price and For-ward Eddie Westfall (now a team broadcaster) are gone, with Hart and Price being replaced by 6' 2", 215-pound Dave (Bam-Bam) Langevin, claimed from Edmonton, and rookie Mike Hordy. Another newcomer is 27-year-old For-ward Anders Kallur, voted the best player in Sweden last sea-son. Now, wherefore art thou, heart?

The magical playoff performance of the NEW YORK Rangers gave the game a much-needed breath of fresh air last spring, but General Manager-Coach Fred Shero will be hard pressed to match his first season in the Big Apple. Phil Esposito is not likely to log enough ice time to score an-other 42 goals, and beyond Anders Hedberg and Ulf Nilsson, there are no other distinguished forwards, just a raft of rather good ones, including rookie Doug Sulliman. The Rangers are hoping that Goalie John Davidson, who un-derwent an operation on his sciatic nerve in August, will per-form his Stanley Cup heroics all season long. The nagging question: Who will throw the warmup pucks into the bal-conies now that Nick Fotiu has moved to Hartford?

The tough question in PHILADELPHIA is: How do you replace a retired Bernie Parent? Answer: Let Bernie worry about it. Operating under the theory that it takes two to make a clone, the Flyers have hired both Jacques Plante and Parent to work with their goalies, most notably Phil Myre, whom they acquired from St. Louis. Bobby Clarke has given up his captaincy to become a playing assistant coach, further evidence that, at 30, he is nearing the end of his career. Scoring punch, sorely missing a year ago, figures to be provided by top draft choice Brian Propp, a 5' 9", 185-

continued



SCOUTING REPORTS continued

pound left wing who had an eye-popping 94 goals and 100 assists last year as an amateur.

In return for Myre, ST. LOUIS received Center Blake Dunlop and Defenseman Rick Lapointe. The Blues also acquired 24-year-old Bryan Maxwell, a 6' 3", 215-pound defenseman who played briefly for Minnesota. The line of Brian Sutter, Wayne Babych and Bernie Federko scored a total of 99 goals last year, and No. 1 draft pick Perry Turnbull should play regularly at left wing. But the Blues had the league's worst defensive record in 1978-79, and they may well duplicate that dubious achievement this season.

MINNESOTA was the most improved team in hockey last year, bettering its 1977-78 record by 23 points, thanks largely to its absorption of players from the defunct Cleveland Barons. The North Stars will improve again in '79-'80, this time because of an easier schedule and some first-rate draft choices. Defenseman Craig Hartsburg, yet another of Birmingham's "Baby Bulls," was the sixth player picked; he is a good rushing defenseman and should fit in well with Gary Sargent and Brad Maxwell. If General Manager Lou Nanne lures former Canadian Bill Nyrop out of retirement, Minnesota will have a very solid defense, and Gilles Meloche is an excellent goalie. On offense, Center Bobby Smith, Rookie of the Year in 1978-79, will be helped by another first-round draft choice, Left Wing Tom McCarthy, who scored 69 goals in junior competition.

WASHINGTON improved its goal production by 78 last season, the biggest jump in the league. With young players such as forwards Dennis Maruk and Ryan Walter and Defenseman Robert Picard, the Caps have a promising nucleus. The offense will be bolstered by 20-year-old Mike Gartner, who played last season with the Cincinnati Stingers—R.I.P.—and scored 27 goals. Pierre Bouchard, another former Canadian, will help the defense, but the goaltending is likely to be a shortcoming, with Flyer castoff Wayne Stephenson sharing the load with Gary Inness.

The LOS ANGELES Kings and DETROIT Red Wings amicably ended their legal battle over the rights to Center Dale McCourt. In an out-of-court settlement, Detroit kept McCourt but gave up Center Andre St. Laurent and its first-round draft picks in each of the next two years. Pretty steep. The Kings used this year's first-round pick—only the third one they had in their 12-year history—to select Defenseman Jay Wells. Mario Lessard turned in a 3.10 goals-against average, making the fans forget the departed Rogie Vachon, who went to Detroit in the original McCourt deal. And Marcel Dionne is coming off a 130-point season.

Red Wings fans would like to forget not only Vachon but also all of last season. Vachon is back in goal, but now as the No. 2 man behind Jimmy Rutherford. The Wings have traded for Pete Mahovich to fill the gap at center, and brother Frank, 41, is trying to make the team.

PITTSBURGH is in trouble unless 22-year-old Greg Millen can perform the mir-

acles that Herron did in goal. Even if he can, everyone in the front office should be lynched on principle—for making such a risky deal with a team that has won four straight Stanley Cups. VANCOUVER pins its hopes on three players who were sidelined with injuries much of last season: Center Bill Derlago, Goalie Glen Hanlon and Defenseman Kevin McCarthy, acquired from Philadelphia last December for Dennis Ververgaert.

New Teams The only area in which these four clubs do not need sympathy is season tickets. EDMONTON has sold more than 15,300, which means that the Edmonton Coliseum will be filled to capacity every time the Oilers play there. The Oilers' main attraction is 18-year-old Wayne Gretzky, who last year signed a 21-year contract at center ice on his birthday. To protect Gretzky, who scored 46 goals and had 64 assists last season, the Oilers gave a second-round draft choice to Minnesota for the Friendly Giant, Dave Semenko, who is billed as the undefeated heavyweight champ of the WHA. The other Dryden, Dave, the WHA's Most Valuable Player in 1978-79, is in goal, but the defense was severely weakened by the loss of Dave Langevin (Islanders) and Paul Shmyr (Minnesota).

QUEBEC has sold all 10,656 of its seats for the season, and on the ice the Nordiques will fare better than any of their former WHA brothers. They have four exciting forwards in Robbie Ftorek, Marc Tardif, Real Cloutier and Serge Bernier, and NHL veterans Gerry Hart and Dave Farrish will help a generally weak defense. But it will be a while before the Nordiques repeat the back-to-back Stanley Cups won by the Quebec Bulldogs in 1912 and 1913.

WINNIPEG won three WHA championships in seven years, but gone are the Ulf Nilssons, Anders Hedbergs, Bobby Hulls, Joe Daleys, Kent Nilssons, Terry Ruskowskis and Rich Prestons who wrought those triumphs. General Manager John Ferguson is trying to replace the departed speed and finesse with youth and brawn. The Jets' first choice in the amateur draft was a winger named Jimmy (the Ox) Mann, and Ferguson expects Mann will add "quite a lot of backbone." Defensemen Lars-Erik Sjoberg and Scott Campbell are both first rate, but this will be the weakest team Winnipeg has put on the ice in five seasons.

When HARTFORD abandons the 7,574-seat Springfield, Mass. Civic Center, sometime around New Year's Day, for the expanded 15,000-seat, newly roofed arena in Hart-

ford, it probably will have the worst record in hockey. Twenty-seven of the Whalers' first 40 games are on the road. Their offense is "led" by 39-year-old Dave Keon—egad!—now that Mark Howe is shifting to defense, where Rick Ley, Gordie Roberts and former Bruin Al Sims give the Whalers their only strength. And, nostalgia fans, it looks as if the Old Man may not make it back. At 51, Gordie Howe is contemplating retirement. And this time he may mean it.

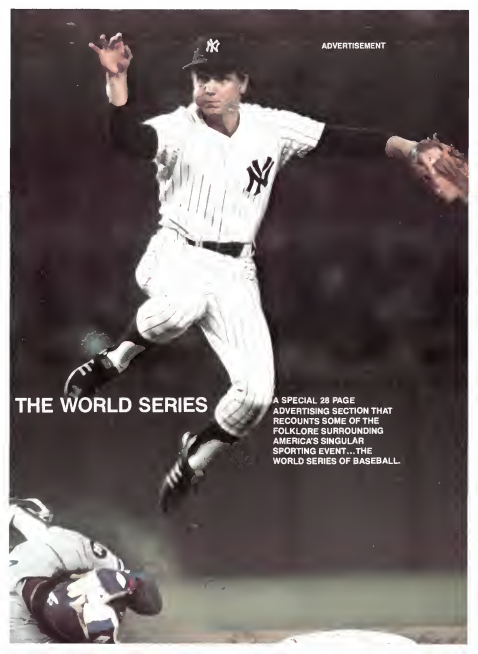
Predictions

FINAL FOUR

Buffalo Sabres
Montreal Canadiens
New York Islanders
New York Rangers

STANLEY CUP CHAMPION

Islanders

A full-page photograph of a New York Yankees player in mid-air, performing a sliding tackle. He is wearing a white pinstriped uniform with the Yankees logo on the cap and jersey. His left arm is extended with a baseball glove, and his right arm is reaching out. In the bottom left corner, another player in a dark uniform is partially visible, sliding on the ground. The background is dark and out of focus.

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When Reggie took my knuckleball into the stands at Yankee Stadium converted a baseball for his third home run of the game in the memorable night of October 18, 1977, he had done something more than merely insure a New York World Series victory. He had re-established spiritual communion with the hallowed Bambino, the most notable baseball player of them all, Babe Ruth.

For in the 75-year history of America's foremost sporting event, only The Babe had previously hit three home runs in a game. He had done it twice, in 1926 and 1928. Like Jackson, Ruth had performed his

supposed to be wearing a Yankee uniform. Like Jackson, Ruth had done it while carrying the self-imposed burden of being baseball's most visible public figure.

The important factor, however, is that Jackson had no part in his name alongside the Baker in the record book while playing the game, *fame*. No basketball record book in 1928, for example, has any meaning today. The players of that era were much smaller, the equipment was different and even the basic rules were different. Dutch Dehnert and Bill Walton each wore shorts while playing, but the similarity of their respective endeavors ends there. Likewise, the concept and execution of football

relationships are redefined in the spirit of *Confessions* by John Flannery. And literary comparisons are similarly problematic, since one would not want to stress the work's reliance on the black burlesque. As for a sporting comparison,

But even the presence of a rule with the designated bitter rule, late and easily improved gloves—the better the Graig Nettle to frustrate Steve Harvey does nothing to alter Harvey's basic structure. The game still obeys most of its rules and its own logic early in this century.

Florida team bats last. A 6-4-3 double play is a 6-4-3 double play. High and tight followed by low and away will still retire 90 percent of any ba-

Cover: Brian Doyle replaced Willie Randolph at second base for the Yanks in 1978 and hit a team-high 43B

This page blows in from right: The Mets' Tommie Agee grabbed two line drives to deep center and smacked a home run in New York's 5-0 third game victory over Baltimore in 1955. Babe Ruth batted over 300 six times and in 1928 hit a record 625. Rusty Staub connected for four hits in leading a comeback and drove in winners to lead the Mets to a 10-9 victory over the Yankees in their first game of the 1973 season. © Dodgers: Steve Garvey batted .351 in the 1977 season in the Yankees and 203 in the 1978 defeat in New York. Reggie Jackson compiled a .489 batting average in 1977 and .442 the career slash mark. Through 14 games, The Yankees' Greg Nettles led the odds for this game for most chances handled safely, 20, at .816. The all-game average was .261 in 1978. No major league player has ever batted .400 in 7 of both New York stadiums in a single season.



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Canon AE-1

[illegible]

scored, 35-27, and the 1971 version, which spotted a powerful Baltimore team the first two games before coming on to win the Series in seven.

Ah, but none of these exploits can exceed the achievement of the 1906 Chicago White Sox, the "Hitless Wonders," who established for all times that the World Series was to be something special by defeating their cross-town rivals, the Chicago Cubs. The Cubs had won 116 games, a record which still stands. They had a powerful lineup sprinkled with the names of future Hall of Fame members. This was the team of Joe Tinker, Johnny Evers, Johnny Kling, Frank "Wildfire"

Schulte and the player-manager known as "The Peerless Leader," Frank Chance. The coaching staff included the legendary Mordca "Three Finger" Brown, Orval Overall and Ed Reulbach. The club defeated second place New York by 20 games, having won 50 of its final 58 games. No team could have entered the World Series more poised for victory.

The White Sox, meanwhile, had won the pennant despite compiling a .230 team batting average, lowest in the league. Pitching was, quite obviously, the team's strength, the mainstay being spitballer Ed Walsh. He was abetted by the likes of Nick Altrock, Frank "Yip" Owen and

George "Iron" Hobe White.

All the thought of playing such a powerful team weren't oppressive enough, the White Sox also had the seeming misfortune of entering the series without veteran shortstop George Stacey Davis, who was injured in the season's final week. White Sox manager Fielder Jones was thus forced to move third baseman Lee Tannhill to short, and in sgt utility man George Rohe in Tannhill's old spot.

But this apparent setback proved to be a major break for the White Sox. Mr. Rohe emerged as the hitting star of the series, batting .333, his seven hits including two triples and a double. Walsh won two



Clockwise from right: Legendary second baseman Johnny Evers hit .350 in the Cubs 1907 sweep of the Tigers. Ed Walsh won two games in the White Sox upset of the Cubs in 1906. Mordca "Three Finger" Brown had three career shutouts for the Cubs (1906 vs. the White Sox, 1907 vs. Detroit, 1908 vs. the Tigers). Joe Garagiola had four RBIs and six hits in the Cards' 4-3 triumph over the Sox in 1946. Frank Chance set a record for hits in a five-game series (eight) in the Cubs 1908 win over Detroit, the Cubs. Joe Tinker had a record three sacrifices in the fourth game of the 1906 series against the White Sox.

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games, Altrock and White one apiece, and the White Sox walked off with the World Series, not to mention the city championship of Chicago.

This third series represented the first of 14 occasions in World Series history when the participants came from the same city. The only subsequent parochial affair which did not involve New York City, however, was the 1944 Series, when all six games were played in St. Louis' Sportsman's Park. That's assuming that residents of Brooklyn don't mind being reminded that they are considered as New Yorkers by the census bureau, as well as the tax

collectors of New York City.

These All-Gotham Series had much to do with forming the ideas an entire nation was to have about baseball in the forties and fifties. The 1947 Yankees-Dodgers affair was the first nationally televised Series. NBC paid the sum of \$65,000 (hardly the price of a good utility player today) for the television rights, and what the network received to work with over the next decade was Yankee Stadium, Ebbets Field and the Polo Grounds. The Yankees and Dodgers battled in 1947, 1949, 1952, 1953, 1955 and 1956. The Yankees met the Giants in 1951, as well as the Phillies in 1950. The only American League team to

break the Yankee monopoly in the decade was Cleveland, which prevailed in 1948 and 1954.

Cleveland's later opponent was New York, which means that from 1947 through 1956 only once (1948, when Cleveland met the Boston Braves) did the World Series not involve a New York team. Given that baseball's national television exposure during that era was pretty much encapsulated in the World Series, it should come as no surprise that, in particular, Yankee and Dodger players acquired fame they might not otherwise have had. This especially applied to men such as Joe Collins, Gene Woodling and Hank Bauer, who through their series

Clockwise from right: Yogi Berra played in 14 World Series during his 18 years with the Yankees. Duke Snider is the only man to hit four home runs in each of two series (1952, '55). Eddie Collins holds the career World Series stolen base mark (with Lou Brock) with 14 for the A's and White Sox. Cleveland's Stan Coveleski defeated Brooklyn three times in 1920; the Yankee's Hank Bauer hit in 17 consecutive games from 1956 to 1958. Gene Woodling played in five consecutive series with the Yanks (1949-53). Joe Collins hit four home runs in seven series with the Yankees; Carl Hubbell compiled a 1.76 ERA and a 4-2 record in six World Series games.



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 years ago our fathers brought
 forth on this continent a new nation
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 Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing
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 and so dedicated can long endure. We are now
 on a great battle field of that war. We have
 come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final
 resting place for those who here gave their lives
 that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting
 and proper that we should do this. But in a larger
 sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—
 we can not hallow this ground. The brave men,
 living and dead who struggled here have consecrated
 it, far above our poor power to add or deduct. The
 world will little note, nor long remember
 what we say here, but it can not forget
 what they did here. It is for us the
 living, rather to be dedicated to the
 unfinished work which they who fought
 here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is
 rather for us to be here dedicated to the
 great task remaining before us—
 that from these honored dead we take
 increased devotion to that cause for
 which they gave us, the last full measure
 of devotion—that we here highly resolve that
 these dead shall not have died in vain—
 that this nation under God shall have a new birth
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performance elicited some of the attention naturally given to Mickey Mantle, Yogi Berra and Whitey Ford.

Television and the World Series have since become further entwined, like Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis and charge cards. ABC will proclaim this year that approximately 33 million households will have tuned into their World Series broadcasts. Said households do not include the countless drinking establishments nationwide in which the bar and all available tables will be crammed with baseball fans, nor will it allow for the private dwellings in which large groups will gather to watch the Series in community fash-

ion. A private citizen might find it necessary to sign on with the Trap-Get temporarily in order to escape immersion into the baseball culture, so pervasive is the modern media coverage. The Super Bowl can claim a larger audience, but the Super Bowl is a one-shot affair. No World Series can last less than four games, and each game's rating compares favorably to football's celebrated showcase. For sustained communal involvement, no American sports event rivals the World Series.

There was, however, not only Life Before Cosell and Garagiola, but Mel Allen, as well. In a simpler time, in an era of different

values, baseball's prominence was proportionately even a bigger affair, if only because there was simply no viable competition. Remember that for the first half of this century baseball had no serious rival as an American sports fascination. By the time the National Football League staged its first championship game, in 1933, Babe Ruth had already played the last of his 41 World Series games. Ty Cobb had been retired for five years and Christy Mathewson had been dead for eight. The pro football people played their first "Super Bowl" game 63 years after baseball's two warring leagues had decided to settle their differences on the field.

There may not have been any tele-

Clockwise from right: The famous Willie Mays catch off Cleveland's Vic Wertz occurred in the eighth inning of the first game with the score knotted at two, none out and two on base—the Giants went on to sweep the series. Don Larsen had seven strikeouts in his 2-0 perfect game against Brooklyn in 1956



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vision sets in the earlier days of the twentieth century, but there were newspapers and there were teletype machines. Crowds would gather on street corners to see inning-by-inning scores posted outside department stores.

The games were hardly played in a vacuum, and thus when the great Mathewson blanked Eddie Plank to open the famed 1905 "All-Shutout" Series, or when Philadelphia's Frank Baker earned the eternal "Home Run" sobriquet with a pair of timely clouts in the 1911 affair, an interested citizen in Keokuk or Kalamazoo was quickly informed.

From the outset the World Series has provided the fodder from which

serious bar discussions evolve. The first three series were rich in conversational material. The 1903 Series included not one, but two, three-game winners, Boston's Bill Dinneen and Pittsburgh's Deacon Phillippe, who won three, lost two and who worked all 44 innings of the five games. In 1905 (there was no 1904 series, since Giant manager John McGraw refused to meet the American League champion A's), each game resulted in a shutout, before the Giants prevailed, four games to one. In 1906 the White Sox pulled their upset of the Cubs.

But it wasn't until 1912 that the baseball world was treated to a truly great baseball series. The Red Sox

decided to go to the 10th inning of an eighth game (the second game had been a 6-6 tie, called because of darkness) in order to defeat the Giants, and they had to do it by scoring two runs off Mathewson in their last turn at bat.

Defense, both good and bad, played a key role in determining the outcome of the 1912 Series. The Red Sox outfield, considered the best defensively in history, consisting of Duffy Lewis, Tris Speaker and Harry Hooper, turned in key plays during the course of the Series. In the sixth game, Speaker turned in the only unassisted double play ever achieved by a World Series

Clockwise from right: Tris Speaker holds the record for World Series triples in a career (four); the A's Eddie Plank pitched a two-hitter in the fifth and deciding game against the Giants in 1903; the Cardinals' Bob Gibson struck out 17 Tigers in the first game of the 1968 series; Grover Alexander of St. Louis allowed the most runs in a four-game series (11) against the Yankees in 1928; Frank "Home Run" Baker had a lifetime .363 batting average in the World Series; Christy Mathewson registered 18 strikeouts and three shutouts in the Giants' 4-1 win over the A's in 1905; Pete Rose led Cinncy with a .370 mark in the Red's 1975 win over Boston.





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outfielder, while Hooper took a home run away from Larry Doyle in the fifth inning of the final game with a bullpen dive.

Conversely, two Giant boners helped hand the Series to the Red Sox. The first was a dropped fly ball by centerfielder Fred Snodgrass to lead off the Red Sox tenth. The second was a misplayed one-out foul pop off the bat of Speaker. The ball clearly belonged to first baseman Fred Merkle, but Mathewson inexplicably yelled loudly for catcher Chief Meyers, who had a much longer run, to make the play. He couldn't get there in time, and Speaker responded with an RBI sin-

gle. An intentional walk and a sacrifice fly produced the winning Boston run. The intensity of play and the sustained brilliance of the baseball gave the World Series a new glow.

The World Series magnified events, both good and bad, and thus a man can remain forever praised or condemned for one isolated act, depending on press reaction. Snodgrass, for example, went to his grave tagged as the man who had made "The \$30,000 Muff," the figure alluding to the supposed difference in the winners' and losers' take in the Series. And yet few pointed out that immediately after his blunder, he

raced into deep center to take an extra base hit away from Hooper, almost doubling the runner aboard via his error off second base with a super throw. In addition, the Merkle-Mathewson-Meyers faux pas on Speaker's foul pop was ignored. And Nixon thinks he had problems with the press.

Similarly, why should Brooklyn's Mickey Owen forever be uniquely associated with dropping a third strike against the Yankees in 1941 when the same thing happened to a Tiger catcher named Boss Schmidt 34 years earlier? Nor is there a Bostonian who hasn't heard about how "Johnny Pesky held the ball" in 1946

Clockwise from right: Al Kaline batted .378 in his sole series against the Cards in 1968; the A's Rube Waddell injured his left shoulder and missed the 1905 World Series following a 26-11 regular season; Tommy Henrich was at bat and reached first base when Mickey Owen dropped the third strike and eventually the 4th game of the 1941 series; Sam Rice had 12 hits in the Senators' 1925 loss to Pittsburgh; Vernie Rippy Jones was on-for-three in three pinch-hitting appearances for the 1946 Cards and 1957 Braves; Mickey Lolich homered in his first series at bat and won three games in the Tigers' 4-3 decision over the Cardinals in 1968; Mickey Owen of Brooklyn belted 167 with two RBIs in the Dodgers' loss to the Yankees in 1941; Lou Brock accumulated 34 stolen bases (tying the career record), a .391 batting average and scored 16 runs in the 1964, 67 and 68 World Series for St. Louis; Dizzy Dean, a 30-game winner in 1934, was 2-1 in the Cardinals' 4-3 triumph over Detroit.





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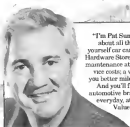


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as Enos Slaughter scored from first on Harry Walker's double. But how many know that Tiger shortstop "Rowdy Dick" Bartell had done much the same thing, for whatever reason, in the 1940 Series against Cincinnati?

No American over the age of 30 can possibly think of the World Series without thinking of the Yankees. A non-Yankee World Series of the period from 1947 to 1964 was a rare occurrence. It was as if the monuments in center field, the shadows in left and the famed auxiliary scoreboards in left and right corner field were the permanent backdrops of the Series. The Series could no

longer be played without those familiar props than could the "Tonight Show" be conducted without the presence of Carson's couch. If this is October, then this must be Yankee Stadium, and if this is the eighth inning, then Yogi must be lofting a nine-iron halfway between the 296-foot sign at the line and the 344-foot sign in straightaway right.

The Yankees polarized American feeling in the most traditional manner. Either a fan loved them, or, at least, admired them, or else he or she loathed them for their efficiency and monotonous success. That's why the 1955 triumph of the Dodgers, the team for Everyman,

was so cherished. The Yankees had won all eight Series they were in, dating from 1943, and many people were tired of their constant successes.

This was the last innocent era, when the games were all played in daylight and when it was a seeming American tradition that workers would take long, long lunch hours (games started at 1 p.m., EDT) and that school children—Parochial school children, any way—would be permitted to listen to the innings played before dismissal. The televised weekend games had become gala social events.

Clockwise from right: The 1927 Yankees swept Pittsburgh as shortstop Mark Koenig batted 500; Billy Martin, shown with Mickey Mantle and Ed Lopat, hit 500 in 1953, a record for a six-game series; Baltimore's Brooks Robinson batted .420 with a club leading six 1966s in the Orioles' victory over Cincinnati in 1970; Lefty Gomez, pictured with Spud Chandler, has the best win-loss mark (6-0) of any pitcher in series history. In 1955, at the age of 23, Johnny Podres of Brooklyn beat the Yankees twice, including a 2-0 shutout in the seventh game, as the Dodgers won their first World Series.



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In 1997 the first World Series was played at home in Pittsburgh. The first Monday night game was in 1969, and while a full pay-off with the lovable tradition of the late lunch hour, it wisely made it possible for more Americans to become intimately involved in the World Series than ever before. It was decided that henceforth the Series would begin with weekend games, continue with three midweek night games and conclude, if necessary, with two more weekend games, weather permitting.

These night games, while decried by sportswriters with deadlines (not to mention expense accounts which

would permit them to enjoy lavish dinners at sumptuous restaurants), have proven to be so popular that money wars can be swung by their resonance. There is now about as much a chance of the World Series going on to all day games as there is of Bud Weaver being named Ambassador to the Court of Saint James.

A current school of thought states that the World Series has been supplanted in the eyes of baseball people by the playoffs. That is to say that the pressure which was once the sole province of the Series has now been shifted to a great extent over to the playoffs. Two teams which have just played 162 games now must

meet for a best of five series in order to win the pennant, in full possession of the knowledge that nobody outside of their wives' mothers' agents cares one whit about a mere division champion. Making it to the World Series has become the new quest. Once there, the money and publicity will naturally accrue. Whereas prior to 1969 there were but two steps to baseball happiness, now there are three, with the middle step holding much of the drama and allowing for the least margin of error.

There may indeed be a lot of truth to this contention, insofar as the players themselves are concerned,

Clockwise from right: In 1952 Lou Gehrig set the record for runs scored in a four-game series with nine; pinch-hitter deluxe Dizzy Rhodes batted .667 for the Giants in 1934 and had a record six RBIs as a pinch hitter; Sandy Koufax had 23 strikeouts in two games for Los Angeles against the Yankees; in 1953, the late Thurman Munson rapped out a record nine singles in 1976 and batted .529 as the Yanks were swept by the Reds; the Pirates' Bill Mazeroski belted a ninth-inning home run to cap Pittsburgh's seventh game win over the Yanks in 1960; Charlie Keller clubbed three home runs as a rookie in 1939; Casey Stengel won seven of the 10 times he took the Yankees to the Series.



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brotherhood, even the games themselves, little and routine play-off drama. This all hangs over an original game that is, at best, a specially per night game, late November, early December Series game. After 10 years of the playoffs are glorified by an out on the part of the fans, which the Series is continuously become again, regardless of the identity of the participants. Nobody talks about great play-off games, or compares them. To the fans they are an unwelcome prelude to the real show, which is the World Series.

Perhaps some day the playoffs will develop a mystique of their own, but until then the lustre will

belong to the World Series. After all, that Dave Rusk ever perform in the playoffs of Ted Grier Bender's Little Smokey Joe Woods? Did Grover Cleveland Alexander? Did Joe DiMaggio? Did Jackie Robinson?

The playoffs are nice, but even if the Yankees and the Royals play a series for the ages, they still have played before. The magic of the World Series has always been the intrigue of the unknown. Interleague competition remains the ultimate stimulus for a baseball player. The All-Star Game satisfies the competitive feeling of a few. More than any team athlete, a baseball player has the chance to develop a community

wise. Football and basketball, which each team is dependent on the other, but football is played a maximum of 26 times a year, basketball 82 times a year, and baseball 162 times a year. That number, 162, is a number, which you have gone to the wars around 190 times during the year, into battle against the champions of the other league has got to be a source of special pride.

The special charm of the World Series is that when Dwight Evans saves a remarkable game in 1975 by robbing Joe Morgan of a probable game-winning home run, his feat could be measured against that of

Clockwise from right: Bobby Richardson knocked in six runs in the fourth game against the Pirates in 1960. Yankees Rich Gossage made three appearances against the Dodgers in 1978 and yielded no runs in six innings. The Yankees' Spud Chandler had a lifetime 1.63 ERA in four series (1941, 42, 43, 47). Ralph Terry clinched the Yankees' triumph over the Giants in 1962 with a four-hitter in the seventh game. Waleis Ford won the most games (10) and the most (eight) among pitchers. Mickey Vernon owns the World Series records for lifetime home runs (16), total bases (123) and RBIs (43).





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Sam Rice, who made a similar feat of an Earl Smith blast exactly 50 years earlier; or that when Joe Rudi takes three bases away from Denis Menke in 1972, he evokes memories of Al Gionfriddo robbing the great DiMaggio a quarter-century previous. More than any other American sporting endeavor, the World Series is at once universally popular and timeless.

Let us then salute Bill Dinneen, Jimmy Sebring, Big Ed Walsh, Christy Mathewson, George Rohe, Frank Chance, Babe Adams, Frank (Home Run) Baker, Smokey Joe Wood, Hank Gowdy, Eddie Col-

lier, Greasy Neale, Elmer Smith, Bill Wambegans, Stan Coveleski, Casey Stengel, Grover Cleveland Alexander, Lou Gehrig, Howard Ehmke, George Earnshaw, Pepper Martin, Carl Hubbell, Dizzy Dean, Paul Dean, Lefty Gomez, Charlie (King Kong) Keller, Jimmie Wilson, Bucky Walters, Johnny Beazley, Spud Chandler, Bill Bevens, Duke Snider, James Lamar (Dusty) Rhodes, Willie Mays, Johnny Podres, Sandy Amoros, Hank Bauer, Don Larsen, Hank Aaron, Lew Burdette, Vernal (Nippy) Jones, Larry Sherry, Chuck Essegan, Hal Smith, Bill Mazeroski, Mickey Mantle, Whitey Ford, Ralph Terry,

Bobby Richardson, Sandy Kousser, Moe Drabowsky, Bob Gibson, Lou Brock, Jim Lonborg, Mickey Lolich, Al Kaline, Tommie Agee, Al Wes, Brooks Robinson, Roberto Clemente, Steve Blass, Bruce Kison, Gene Tenace, Joe Rudi, Jim (Catfish) Hunter, Rollie Fingers, Rusty Staub, Bernie Carbo, Luis Tiant, Pete Rose, Johnny Bench, Thurman Munson, Steve Garvey, Graig Nettles, Brian Doyle and Bucky Dent.

Also George Herman (Babe) Ruth. And Reginald Martinez Jackson. They are all part of the folklore surrounding America's singular sporting event.

BY BOB RYAN



Clockwise from right: Roberto Clemente batted .414 with 22 total bases in the Pirates' 4-3 series triumph over Baltimore in 1971. The Red Sox Bernie Carbo holds the record for most home runs by a pinch hitter in a series with two against the Reds in 1975. Hank Aaron held a .364 batting average and a .600 slugging percentage in the 1957 and 1958 series with the Yankees, the Indians. Bill Wambegans registered the only unassisted triple play in series history against Brooklyn. Al Gionfriddo robbed Joe DiMaggio in the sixth game of the 1947 series. Luis Tiant was 2-0 with 3.60 ERA in the Red Sox loss to Cincinnati in 1975.



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It's the bottom of the ninth. The game is all tied up. The bases are loaded. And up steps 6-year-old Mike Landau to the plate.

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Wait a minute. Phil Niekro didn't throw his famous knuckle ball. He threw a math problem. "Nine times eight," calls out pitcher Niekro.

"Seventy-two," replies Mike.

And that won the game for Mike's team. Because Mike's answer gave him a "home run," which cleared the bases.

Mike and Phil weren't playing regular baseball, they were playing St. Regis' Nifty brand Math Baseball, a teaching aid made by our Consumer Products Division for schools, to help elementary students learn math.

The beauty of Math Baseball is that it makes learning math fun.

Math Baseball uses cards with a math question on one side, the answer on the other.

And, with the answer, an indication of whether a right answer gets a one, two or three base hit. Or, as in Mike's case, a home run.

Math Baseball is a good example of what our Nifty brand teaching aids are all about: Helping the American Teacher teach. We make a complete line of Nifty school supplies, such as all kinds of tablets and theme books, as well as looseleaf fillers and binders.

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THE ORIOLES PLAY STOP THE MUSIC

It's the middle of the day in Baltimore and a frenetic disc-jockey voice breaks into the WFBR programming at the end of a rock 'n' roll golden oldie and says, "We're proud to be part of Oriole fever." Suddenly, the familiar voice of Chuck Thompson, the old smoothie of the Baltimore Orioles' broadcasting booth, is bouncy and alive above fan noise. He is into the play-by-play of a crucial situation earlier in the season—Doug DeCinces of the Orioles at bat in the bottom of the ninth inning with a man on base and the Orioles a run behind. Thompson calls a long drive by DeCinces, and there is tumult in the radio booth. Charlie Eckman, the sometime guest colorman, is shouting, "Get out of here, get out of here." Thompson picks up the call as the ball falls into the seats for a game-winning home run, and then the crowd noise takes over.

"Wow!" shouts Eckman, and the mikes pick up the chant of the fans calling for DeCinces to come out of the dugout to take a bow. The ballplayer responds, there is another roar, and Thompson says, "What a great moment in Baltimore baseball history."

It has been like this every hour and every day on WFBR this year. Even the most hardened baseball people in Baltimore agree that the crazy rock 'n' roll radio station that started broadcasting and pushing the team this year is one of the reasons for the excitement about the Orioles—which led to a season-record total of 1,680,561 fans, almost 500,000 more than 1978.

The Orioles were the property of WBAL, the kingpin 50,000-watt station in town, for 22 years until they threw open the rights to bidding last year. WFBR, a 5,000-watt AM operation beginning to feel the pinch of the nationwide trend toward FM listening, hustled after the Orioles, won the rights for four years with a bid reported to have been \$400,000 a year and put together a network of nearby stations, including Washington's powerful WTOP, to give the team the kilowatt power to match WBAL's. Now WFBR has moved from the middle of the pack to rank second only to WBAL in the ratings. At the same time, WMAR-TV wrested TV rights from WJZ and despite problems with camera work at home games, has shared in the Oriole success, winning more than half the TV audi-

ence for prime-time games in July.

Oh, there's more to it than a hard-driving radio station. This is an exciting team that has won games in rip-roaring fashion—in June, when hopes are always high and impressions are solidified, 11 of the Orioles' 23 victories were decided in the last two innings. It is a team fans could take to their hearts because hardly anybody boosted it as a pennant threat in the spring and because it didn't boast the big-name free-agent millionaires that personify the Yankees. The gas shortage and the cost of living kept people close to home, too, and it all seemed to come together this season in a fallout of enthusiasm that impresses even an old hand like Thompson, 58, who has been the voice of the Orioles for 21 years.

"I haven't seen anything like it since the peak years of the Colts," he says. "The team seems to have caught on with the young people especially." Dale Andrews, WFBR's program manager, says, "There used to be 7,000 old people out at the park. The demographics show that now the 18- to 34-year-olds, our audience, are coming to the games."

There long has been a gap between the world of rock 'n' roll and sports—as if kids made an early choice between a baseball bat and an electric guitar—but WFBR was "audacious enough to try to tie together rock 'n' roll and sports," says Andrews. Game highlights often are interwoven into musical renditions, songs like *You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet* are stopped repeatedly and the voices of Thompson, his longtime sidekick Bill O'Donnell and No. 3 man, Tom Marr—the station's aggressive newsmen who was added to the team by WFBR—are heard describing a great moment of Oriole baseball, 1979. Callers even ask for particular plays, like DeCinces' homer. Marr also does offbeat pregame interviews, and it was his idea to tape the highlights for the postgame show and then play them again



CHUCK THOMPSON INTERRUPTS THE ROCK FOR SOME SOCK

during the heart of the day's programming.

If the radio scene is new, the one big constant is Thompson, who is calling the games as he always did—stylishly, accentuating the positive, leaving testy subjects and negatives to the province of newspaper people. Thompson is so accommodating that he cut out two of the phrases that were something of a trademark with him. He would say, "Go to war, Miss Agnes," after a great moment—it was an expression used by a friend on the golf course before attempting a putt—but one day a woman wrote in and persuaded him it wasn't a good expression to use at a time when parents were sending their sons off to fight in the Vietnam War. He also stopped using "ain't, the beer cold" for happy moments, because of complaints from Bible Belt fans in range of Oriole broadcasts.

The razzamatazz of the airwaves will continue through the playoffs. Baltimore's local radio and TV outlets will carry the action along with the networks. If the Orioles get into the World Series, though, WFBR will have to use a pickup of CBS radio, which will be employing Vin Scully, the Dodger announcer, with Winn Elliot and an unnamed-as-yet baseball man. But while Thompson is away ("fishing and playing golf," he says), his golden pipes will continue to resound over Baltimore because, says Andrews, "We will keep playing some of those exciting highlights from the season." **END**

Rocky start in the Rockies

Coach Chuck Fairbanks had a litigious time getting to Colorado from New England and then suffered through three straight losses before his Buffaloes upset Indiana

Standing together in the locker room, their voices rising lustily in chorus, the University of Colorado football team burst forth in song. "We will never give in/Shoulder to shoulder/We will fight! Fight! Fight!" A cheer went up and jerseys sailed through the air. Hands slapped hands, the whooping rose to a crescendo and a kind of controlled bedlam set in. In one corner, Head Coach Chuck Fairbanks flipped open a can of Sprite, surveyed the celebrants and managed the slightest of smiles.

"Well," he said finally, "it's a whole lot better than we've been doing. They played hard and I'm proud of 'em. They've been through a lot the last eight or nine months."

Indeed they had—especially the previous three weeks. The Buffaloes had just beaten Indiana University 17-16, their first win in 1979, but before that they had lost to Oregon and had been pummeled by LSU and jolted by lowly Drake, the only university named after a track meet. "We needed this," said walk-on Fullback Willie Beebe. "Our last win was against the alumni back in May."

Furthermore, the Buffaloes went to Bloomington aware that Indiana was probably their last shot in quite a while at winning a football game. Oklahoma was next on the schedule, then Missouri, and Nebraska after that. Actually, Colorado had brought a six-game losing streak to Indiana, having dropped the last three games of the 1978 season. That turn of events, a disaster in a state where college football is taken as seriously as beef prices, led to the firing of Head Coach Bill Mallory and the hiring away of Fairbanks from the New England Patriots. And that led to months and months of turmoil, bitterness and controversy.

There were snickers galore last week

when syndicated columnist Steve Harvey ranked Colorado No. 1 in his "Bottom Ten" ranking, writing: "There's just no telling how poorly Colorado would be faring this season if the school hadn't had the good sense last December to lure Coach Chuck Fairbanks away from the New England Patriots."

And what a tangled tale that was. The condensed version: last December, with the Pats on the verge of winning their division and a place in the playoffs, Colorado booster Jack Vickers visited Fairbanks in Boston and offered him a deal to coach the Buffaloes—a \$45,000-a-year salary, with revenue from a television show and other benefits that could bring him \$150,000 a year. Rumors of the offer surfaced, but Fairbanks denied them. So did representatives of the university. On the day before the last regular game

of the NFL season, Fairbanks called on Billy Sullivan, the ailing owner of the Pats, to tell him he wanted out of the last four years of his \$150,000-a-year contract. He would, he said, continue to coach New England through the playoffs and the Super Bowl, if it came to that, but he wanted to get his Colorado recruiting program under way and they needed him in Boulder.

Sullivan blew up, told Fairbanks he couldn't serve two masters, suspended him and wound up ordering him out of the locker room at the Orange Bowl, where the Pats were preparing to face the Dolphins. A nasty scene. Sullivan eventually reinstated his coach but the Pats, playing lackluster ball, were upset by Houston in the playoffs.

And then the litigation began. The Pats sued the university and the university sued the Pats, with New England getting an injunction preventing Colorado from hiring Fairbanks. At one remarkable point in the proceedings, Fairbanks explained to the court that it never occurred to him that he had to be released from his Pats' contract because he'd had three college jobs and left every one of them while still under contract.



Fairbanks with End Bob Nitzsche and Quarterback Bill Solomon, who passed for a TD, ran for one

The judge was incredulous. "The court cannot consider his idea of a contract, cannot accept it," he said.

At length, the litigation ground to a halt. The Flatirons Club, the 338-man booster group of which Vickers is president, paid \$200,000 to the Pats on behalf of the university and Fairbanks agreed to give up some \$105,000 due him in deferred payments from New England. One university regent protested the settlement vehemently. "My goal as a regent is to build a world-class university with a football program," said Sandy Kraemer, "not a world-class football program with a university. . . . It appears that the athletic program is being run by a booster club rather than by the university."

Fairbanks showed up in Colorado last April, too late for recruiting. Moreover, he found the football program to be in a precipitous decline. He had no running backs with breakaway speed, no top receivers or quarterbacks, but he did have injuries at key positions.

Fairbanks didn't promise instant success. He installed pro-type offenses and defenses, more sophisticated, complex and demanding of skills than Mallory's.

Senior Linebacker Bill Roe was among those caught in the transition. "Last year, when I played on the wide side of the field and there was a pass, I'd look for the tight end," he says. "This year, on some coverages, if the tight end comes straight out, I run past him and look for the wide receiver, depending on the coverage. Now I route-read the tight end. A lot more thinking is involved. This was New England's defense. In preseason we watched a lot of New England films. This is a big difference from last year; everybody's thinking a little bit instead of reacting."

In the first three games, and in parts of the fourth, the thinking was clearly woolly; the execution ragged. Oregon beat Colorado in the opener 33-19, and LSU then manhandled the Buffaloes 44-0. And before they got on the board against Drake, fans in the stands in Boulder were chanting, "Two-four-six-eight, score before we graduate!" Colorado did, but not enough, and down they went 13-9.

Not that the once prepotent Buffaloes weren't trying. On the morning of the Indiana game, Bill Roe sat on the floor of his room at the Holiday Inn in Bloomington and read Psalms 91 and 121

from the Gideon Bible to some of his teammates. "It's something we've been doing," he said.

As things turned out, they needed all the assistance, divine or otherwise, that they could get to beat Indiana. But there were moments when Colorado yelled and looked like a football team. A 16-year-old freshman, Split End Doc Holmes, caught a pass to score the first touchdown. Holmes was recruited out of Miami (Fla.) Northwestern High School, having accelerated at the urging of his mother. Cornerback Mark Haynes was everywhere he was needed—making the first Buffalo interception of the year, recovering a fumble and charging in to block an extra-point attempt, a play that ultimately won the game. And Nose Guard Laval Short had 18 tackles—13 solos and five assists.

Had they lost to Indiana, the Buffaloes would have been facing the prospect of being 0-7 at the end of the month, but for now the pressure is off.

"Yeah," said Fairbanks. "For about a week."

THE WEEK

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDWEST

"We were like a cat against the wall. We came out scratching and fighting." So said Nebraska Tight End Junior Miller after a 42-17 rout of Penn State. What had put the Huskers against the wall were two quick scores that got them behind 14-0: a 14-yard pass from Doyle Tate to Brad Scoville and a 30-yard run with an interception by Tom Wise. That was about it for the Nittany Lions, however. A four-touchdown Nebraska onslaught in the second period was triggered by a pair of Tim Hager-to-Miller pass-run plays, the first good for 11 yards, the second for 70. Moving with surprising ease, the Huskers ran for 298 yards—124 of them by I-Back Jarvis Redwine—and passed for 232. Hager, a senior starting his first game, niddled Penn State by completing 14 of 22 throws for 215 yards.

In another major intersectional clash, Missouri was blanked 21-0 by Texas as barefoot Kicker John Goodson tied a Longhorn mark with four field goals ranging from 23 to 50 yards. A. J. (Jamo) Jones, who had the game's only touchdown, ran for 142 yards, 49 more than the entire Tiger backfield.

Big Ten squads lost three of five out-of-conference tussles in the Midwest. In addition to Indiana's loss to Colorado, Illinois suffered a 13-12 setback to Navy, and Michigan State

absorbed its first defeat, 27-3, at Notre Dame. The Mideast's third straight victory was ensured when they picked off an Illinois pass on a two-point conversion try with 3:51 to go. Spartan Linbacker Don Bass took part in 24 tackles against the Irish and Rey Stachowicz averaged 46.8 yards on nine punts, but that wasn't enough. Notre Dame tacklers knocked State's top two quarterbacks out of commission and limited the Spartans to nine yards in passing. Meanwhile, Vagas Ferguson of the Irish had 24- and 48-yard scoring gallops among his 169 yards rushing.

Iowa State Nose Guard Chris Boskey aptly called it a "street fight" after a pow-whack-zap battle at Iowa. "Last year [when the Cyclones won 31-0] we sat them in the mouth and they gave up. This year we hit them in the mouth and they hit back." The Hawkeyes hit back often enough to win 30-14.

Also taking a few lumps was Purdue's Mark Herrmann, who was sacked three times and lost a fumble to Oregon. Even though he had a mediocre day—he hit on 10 of 17 passes for 106 yards—Herrmann, a junior, became the Boiler-makers' all-time leader in completions with 385. Taking up the slack were Tailback Wally Jones, who rushed for 156 yards, and Fullback John Macon, who ran for 105 yards. Score: Purdue 13, Oregon 7.

Michigan played an away game, but 61,143 fans showed up at Michigan Stadium anyway. They were there to see a Pennsylvania Conference tussle between Shippensburg State and Slippery Rock State. The contest was booked to bring in additional revenue and to treat fans to a look at Slippery Rock, whose name they, like others all over the country, have become enamored of. So last week Ann Arbor saw The Rock perform. It was the Red Raiders, though, who put on the show, freshman Fullback Steve Moskowitz rumbling 75 and 63 yards for touchdowns the first two times he got the ball. When it was all over, The Rock had been scored 45-14.

Indiana State preserved a 28-27 win at Akron by deflecting a try for a two-point pass conversion with 2:17 left. That made the Sycamores 5-0, their best start ever.

1. NEBRASKA (3-0) 2. OKLAHOMA (3-0) 3. PURDUE (3-1)

SOUTH Using a bunch of fakers on its defensive line, an ailing quarterback, a walk-on freshman punter, a defensive back to snap on kicks and a pass receiver to lead cheers, Kentucky shocked Maryland 14-7. "We noticed their offensive line didn't have quick feet," said Kevin Kearns, a defensive end for the Wildcats. "So we'd fake one way and go another, and they got their feet mixed up." Lacking his customary blocking, Charlie Wysocki, who went into the game as the nation's leading rusher, gained just 59 yards in 23 carries. With Randy Jenkins hitting Felix Wilson on three pass-

continued

es covering 49 yards, Kentucky moved the ball well at the outset. But then Jenkins suffered a fractured ankle. In came Mike Shutt, whose throwing arm was so sore he could barely lift it. Shutt, however, wrapped up the Wildcats' 73-yard drive with a three-yard run to put Kentucky ahead 7-0 and then made it 14-0 by directing a 52-yard, second-period march. Taking over Jenkins' punting chores was the walk-on, Chris Poulton, who averaged 39.7 yards on 10 kicks. After Ken Roark suffered a sprained knee in the second period, Defensive Back John Bow snapped the ball back on kicks. As for Wilson, he didn't catch another pass but he did lead the east end of Commonwealth Stadium in cheering the Wildcats on to their improbable win.

A record crowd of 85,936 at Tennessee saw the Vols beat Auburn 35-17. Gary Moore started the Vols off by returning the opening kickoff 98 yards for a touchdown. And Jimmy Streeter kept Tennessee rolling as he passed for 158 yards and ran for 106.

Alabama also started fast. Quarterback Steadman Shealy racing 64 yards for a score on the second play of the game as the Tide overwhelmed Vanderbilt 66-3. But Georgia's quick getaway—a 66-yard scoring pass on the game's first play—couldn't keep the Bulldogs from losing again. With George Rogers rushing for 152 yards, South Carolina came back for a 27-20 victory that left Georgia 0-3.

In a pair of games between unbeaten teams, North Carolina State beat Wake Forest 17-14, and Florida State stopped Virginia Tech 17-10. Nathan Ritter of the Wolfpack settled the ACC showdown with a 41-yard field goal with 5:13 left. Tech, which was averaging 323 yards a game rushing, was held to 164. State's Wally Woodham and Jimmy Jordan passed for a total of 322 yards.

Texas A&M broke a tie with a 10-point fourth quarter and beat Memphis State 17-7. Curtis Dickey ran for 137 yards for the Aggies. State runners wound up with minus-13 yards. SMU lost 24-17 at Tulane.

1. ALABAMA (3-0)

2. N.C. STATE (4-0) 3. FLORIDA STATE (4-0)

EAST With Archibald Stadium torn down and a new domed stadium not scheduled for completion until next year, Syracuse has played its "home" games on the road this season. Last week the Orangemen played in Buffalo's Rich Stadium, 150 miles west of their campus. It was a homecoming of sorts for Quarterback Bill Hurley, who grew up in Buffalo and who celebrated by running for 107 yards and two touchdowns and passing for a third score as Syracuse wall-poled Washington State 52-25. Two more Orange touchdowns were scored by Joe Morris, who rushed for 159 yards on 21 carries.

Temple, which lost to Pittsburgh 76-0 in 1977 and 20-12 last year, came closer last week. The Owls went ahead 9-7 in the third

period when Ron Fioravanti, who earlier had field goals of 23 and 47 yards, booted a 44-yarder. Mark Schubert, though, pulled out a 10-9 victory for the Panthers by kicking a 46-yard field goal with 3:53 left.

North Carolina's Ames Lawrence ripped through Army for 209 yards and two TDs. Altogether, the Tar Heels piled up 534 yards in total offense as they won 41-3.

In non-league competition, the Ivies were 3-4-1. The scores: Brown 31, Rhode Island 13; Cornell 26, Colgate 21; Yale 24, Connecticut 17; Lehigh 31, Penn 7; Rutgers 38, Princeton 14; Massachusetts 20, Harvard 7; Lafayette 14, Columbia 7; and New Hampshire 10, Dartmouth 10.

Mal Najarian set a Boston U. mark by rushing for 244 yards on 41 carries in a 35-10 win over Northeastern.

1. SYRACUSE (3-1)

2. PITTSBURGH (2-1) 3. PENN STATE (1-2)

WEST Pac 10 teams beat visitors who came from both coasts, but couldn't handle two rivals from the Midwest. For the second time this season an offside penalty was instrumental in UCLA's losing, this time 17-13 to Ohio State. What would have been a first down on the Buckeye 14 late in the fourth quarter was nullified by the ruling, which was followed by a missed 37-yard field-goal attempt. However, Ohio State was penalized for roughing the kicker, so the Bruins kept the ball, drove to the six-yard line—and then missed another field-goal try.

The Buckeyes, down 13-10 at that point (with 2:21 left), were led downfield by Quarterback Art Schlichter. With 36 seconds to go, Schlichter lobbed a two-yard pass to Paul Campbell for the decisive score.

Despite missing all five of its field-goal attempts, Michigan held off California 14-10. The Golden Bears led 10-0 when they fumbled away the second-half kickoff at their nine-yard line. On the next two plays Tailback Stan Edwards bulled his way for six yards and then three to put the Wolverines back in the game. Another three-yard burst, this by Fullback Lawrence Reid, climaxed a 77-yard Michigan drive later in the third quarter. Michigan defenders were devastating, they had nine quarterback sacks, held the Golden Bears to minus-14 yards rushing and forced five second-half fumbles.

Washington, which trailed Fresno State 14-13 late in the first half, came on strong to win 49-14. Joe Steele of the Huskies gained 133 yards and scored on a 69-yard run on Washington's first play of the third period.

Boston College lost 33-14 at Stanford as the Cardinals, who took up football in 1891, gained their 300th victory. Quarterback John Elway set a Stanford single-game record for a freshman by passing for three touchdowns. And Ken Margenau, who led the Pac 10 last season with 53 receptions, hauled in nine

passes while catching a Cardinal mark with three TD catches.

Although sacked five times, Marc Wilson of Brigham Young hit on 26 of 44 passes for 326 yards, as the Cougars put away Texas-El Paso 31-7 in a WAC contest.

1. USC (4-0)

2. WASHINGTON (4-0) 3. UCLA (2-2)

SOUTHWEST Two highly rated teams, Houston and Oklahoma, were scheduled to play in Houston on Saturday. As far as most fans were concerned, the only thing wrong was that they weren't facing each other. Instead, Houston drubbed West Texas State 49-10 and Oklahoma mowed Rice 63-21. The Cougars ran up 501 net yards and got three touchdowns from David Barrett. The Sooners swept to a 42-0 halftime lead as Billy Sims galloped for 103 yards and three touchdowns. There was only one disappointment for Oklahoma: its NCAA record for successful PAT kicks was ended after 135 in a row.

Arkansas Coach Lou Holtz decided to hold out Quarterback Kevin Scanlon for two weeks so his bruised throwing arm would be healed in time for big upcoming SWC games. In his place, Holtz used freshman Tom Jones against Tulsa. Jones tossed a 39-yard scoring pass to Bobby Duckworth as the Razorbacks breezed 33-8. Texas Tech played at Baylor in the only SWC confrontation. Mickey Elam, who had competed for Tech in 1975, guided the Bears

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Dennis Mosley, a 179-pound senior tailback for Iowa, set a school mark by carrying 39 times. He rushed for 229 yards, scoring twice on runs and once on a nine-yard pass as the Hawkeyes upset Iowa State 30-14.

DEFENSE: Val Barkidole, Tennessee's 6' 1", 175-pound junior free safety, helped the Volunteers knock off Auburn 35-17 in an SEC game by making part in 15 tackles and intercepting a pair of passes by the Tigers.

to a 27-17 upset of his former team. After failing to get a scholarship from Baylor four years ago, Elam went to Tech, where he hoped to play quarterback. After being used as a defensive back in his freshman year, Elam transferred to Baylor as a walk-on. Last season he was used sparingly as a running back but then, in the last game of the year, quarterbacked the Bears to a stunning 38-14 upset of Texas. Last week Elam rushed for 109 yards, 58 of them in four carries during a hurry-up, six-play, 50-second drive that covered 84 yards, the final 22 on a pass to Dennis Gentry.

1. TEXAS (2-0)

2. HOUSTON (3-0) 3. ARKANSAS (3-0)

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A record 43 million took themselves out to the ball game in what could be called the year of the hitter—or the rabbit ball. Home runs were up 18%, there was an average of nine runs a game, highest in 18 years, and the combined batting average of both leagues was .265, the best since the early '50s. At age 40, Lou Brock got his 3,000th hit and Carl Yastrzemski, same age, did likewise, which together with his 400th home run made him the first American Leaguer to attain both milestones. Pete Rose had his 10th 200-hit season, the only player ever to do so. Jamie Quirk also set a record: by hitting one home run, he passed Frank Quilici for most career homers (6) hit by a player whose name begins with Q.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

California's sweet victory in the West didn't come easily. The Angels had a total of 47 injuries, from Rod Carew, who missed two months with a torn ligament in his thumb, to most of the starting pitching staff, including Nolan Ryan. Frank Tanana and Chris Knapp. The Angels finished the season with a 4.34 ERA, the highest of any divisional or pennant winner since 1930.

Like Kansas City, Minnesota was in contention until late September despite a marked lack of speed and power. The Twins yielded third place to Texas on the next to last day of the season. Although the Rangers set team records in home runs, RBIs, hits and batting average, for the most part it was business as usual—squabbles, griping and bad trades. Royals Manager Whitey Herzog called Seattle the most improved club in the division. The Mariners were led by DH Willie Horton, 36, who hit .279 and had 29 homers and 106 RBIs. For the White Sox, who had a 27-27 record after Tony LaRussa replaced Don Kessinger as manager, it will be remembered as the year of the wreck,

as in Veeck, after Comiskey Park hosted a disco-demolition, which demolished the field and forced cancellation of two games. The A's were still in Oakland, barely.

In the East, Baltimore reigned supreme. Although the Brewers won a team-record 95 games for a .590 percentage—good enough for first in both Western Divisions—and got .300 hitting from Sixto Lezcano, Paul Molitor and Cecil Cooper, they fell far short of catching Baltimore. Boston led the league in batting, but slid to third because of injuries and poor pitching. The Yankees won their last eight and still finished 13½ games back. In Sparky Anderson's first year of a five-year Detroit contract, the Tigers wound up nine games over .500. Dave Garcia replaced Jeff Torborg, and the Indians finished above .500 for the first time in three years. The only team in the division below .500 was Toronto, which lost 109 games. The Jays finished 50½ games behind the Orioles.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Rose was gone and Sparky Anderson had been fired. The Big Red Machine, sputtering for two years, was a klunker. But Cincinnati built another model out of a few old parts and many new ones and it purred. The team ERA dropped .23 to 3.58, and with Sparky, a/k/a Captain Hook, gone, complete games rose from 16 to 27. Tom Seaver was again terrific,

winning 11 straight to finish 16-6. Mike LaCoss won 14, Tom Hume saved 17, and young Frank Pastore emerged as a strong starter. Ray Knight was mighty like a Rose, hitting .318.

For 124 days Houston occupied first place, capitalizing on speed (190 stolen bases), pitching (3.20 ERA, 55 complete games, 19 shutouts) and defense. Joe Niekro won 21 games, J. R. Richard 18, the latter striking out 300 for the second straight year.

While the Dodgers were collapsing, the Giants spent the season in turmoil. They were dubbed the "God Squad" by local writers, accused of not hustling, and of shuffling off losses with "It's God's will." Joe Altobelli, last year's Manager of the Year, got the blame and the ax. He was replaced by Dave Bristol.

San Diego's 1978 rookie of the year, Ozzie Smith, went 0 for 32 at the start of the season and Cy Young Award winner Gaylord Perry quit near the end of it, and nothing except Dave Winfield was good in between. Phil Niekro won 21 games for last-place Atlanta, becoming the first National Leaguer in 75 years to win and lose at least 20. And he and brother Joe became the first siblings in the league to win 20 the same year.

Pittsburgh and Montreal provided the closest division race, the Pirates winning on the final day of the season. Willie Stargell had a vintage year for Pittsburgh (32 homers), and Dave Parker hit over .300 for the fifth straight season. The Expos had six pitchers with double-figure wins, led by Bill Lee (16-10).

While Keith Hernandez of St. Louis won the batting title, teammate Garry Templeton became the first player in history to get 100 hits lefthanded and 100 righthanded, batting exclusively from the right side in his last nine games to do so. The Phils phased the first, the Cubs gave it a shot until September, the Mets were simply shot from the start. **END**

THE INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONS

	AMERICAN LEAGUE		NATIONAL LEAGUE	
BATTING				
Average	Lynn, Bos.	333	Hernandez, St. L.	.344
Runs	Baylor, Cal.	120	Hernandez, St. L.	116
RBIs	Baylor, Cal.	139	Winfield, S.D.	118
Hits	Brett, K.C.	212	Templeton, St. L.	211
Homers	Thomas, Mil.	45	Kasman, Chi.	48
Steals	Wilson, K.C.	83	Moreno, Pitt.	77
PITCHING				
Wins	Flanagan, Bal.	23	Niekro, J., Hou.	21
ERA	Gaudry, N.Y.	2.78	Niekro, P., Atl.	21
Strikeouts	Ryan, Cal.	223	Richard, Hou.	271
Saves	Marshall, Minn.	32	Richard, Hou.	313
			Sutter, Chi.	37



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 **PIONEER MONTH SALE!**

No one's got the Dutton

Pro Bowl Defensive End John Dutton is forking hay in Nebraska, not sacking quarterbacks in Baltimore, while his agent seeks a team willing to meet his price



As Dutton hunts on his farm, Attorney Slusher frets that some NFL owners may be using the player to teach him a lesson



John Dutton stretches himself to his full 6' 7" and stares out at the miles of rolling Nebraska farmland that surrounds his house near Lincoln. "Pretty this time of year," he says. "I'd forgotten how pretty it can be in the fall." His hands tighten on the wooden porch railing—you almost expect to hear sounds of splintering lumber—and then they relax. "Of course, it's been some time since I've seen this part of the country during the football season."

For five autumns Dutton's part of the country has been Baltimore, where he earned a pretty decent living as an All-Pro defensive end for the Colts. Five autumns but no more. Dutton's had it with the Colts. He played out his option in 1977, then in 1978 signed a one-year, \$108,000 contract without an option-year clause. Now, he says, he should be a free agent. The NFL disagrees. "I will never play for the Colts again, and that's final," he says. "If they don't trade me by the deadline [Oct. 9], I don't play."

"Do you miss it?" Dutton is asked.

"Of course I miss it," he says, looking out over his 80 acres planted in hog fodder and wheat. "Of course I do. I'll go to see the university play Penn State on Saturday, and I'll sit in the section with the regents and professors. But I haven't gone to a pro game. In the mornings they let me use the equipment down at school, and I work in the weight room and run the stadium steps. I get through quickly and I get out. I don't want to interfere with the team."

Around the NFL, people shake their heads when the subject of John Dutton comes up. "Another Howard Slusher dropout," they say. To the uninformed, Slusher is a convenient scapegoat.

Slusher is the Brooklyn-raised Los Angeles attorney who represents Dutton—

and more than 50 other NFL players. His detractors say that Slusher is a disruptive force, that he tells players to walk out on their teams. The people from the clubs Slusher gets along with say he is tough but fair.

"I don't pull people out of camp," Slusher says. He is sitting behind his desk in his 55th-floor L.A. office. He has just gotten off the phone with John Ralston, San Francisco's administrative vice-president. Slusher wanted to talk about Dutton. Ralston wanted to talk about another client, Bob Martin, the linebacker who had been at a contract impasse when he was cut by the Jets two weeks ago. Martin now plays for the 49ers.

Forty-two years old, 5' 7", 240 pounds, with red hair, freckles and a high, squeaky voice, Slusher resembles a matzo ball, a cartoon character, but the clubs that have been over the route with him on a negotiation don't find him so funny. "You think I want to see Dutton out of football?" Slusher says, the squeak in his voice rising an octave. "I'm trying like crazy to get him placed somewhere. John Dutton shouldn't be forking hay in Nebraska. He belongs in pro football. This thing is killing me. I'm a nervous wreck. I've even told him maybe he ought to think about us beginning negotiations with the Colts again, and he says, 'Be strong, Howard, be strong.' The kid's taking this better than I am."

"Why should it be so difficult to get him placed with another team, unless they're trying to get at me through John? He's 28 years old, a three-time All-Pro, O.K., when he played out his option in '77 we were asking for \$200,000 a year. When I gave that number to the Rams, Steve Rosenbloom was quoted in the papers as saying I was on hallucinogenic mushrooms. But what's so terrible about \$200,000? Where does it say that only quarterbacks and running backs are worth that kind of money? You see who the first people drafted are every year—defensive linemen."

"I hate to say this, and I hate to use the word 'conspiracy,' but it almost seems like there's a stop-Slusher movement afoot and they're using John as their whipping boy."

continued



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What has Slusher done to incur such wrath? Well, there are a lot of bitter feelings left over from 1977 when All-Pro Offensive Linemen John Hannah and Leon Gray walked out of the New England camp. Dutton stayed at home for a month while playing out his option; Baltimore Wide Receiver Roger Carr stayed out of camp. Punter Tom Skladany sat out all season at Cleveland; and Quarterback Dan Fouts missed 10 games at San Diego. All are enemies of Slusher.

Pittsburgh President Dan Rooney, who likes Slusher just fine, tells a story of meeting him one day in Los Angeles' Century Plaza Hotel. Howard was accompanied by his 10-year-old son, John, a sure-handed goalie for the Rolling Hills Swordfish soccer team.

"Do you want your daddy to represent you when you grow up?" Rooney asked the boy.

"No," said John Slusher. "I want to play."

Hannah, for one, suggests that there is an anti-Slusher conspiracy in the NFL.

"I've talked to college kids who were specifically told that if they went with Slusher it would hurt their drafting position," he says. "If the kid was kind of naive, they'd even tell him he wouldn't get drafted at all. Who tells them? NFL scouts who visit the campus, assistant coaches who've been briefed by scouts. It even goes on at Alabama, my school."

"Look, I don't care what anybody says about me, or writes about me," Slusher says, "but I don't like what's going on now with Dutton. The only club the Colts made a legitimate deal with for Dutton was Cleveland, and the numbers were wrong. The decent money was in the last two years of the five-year contract, but only the first two were guaranteed, and the figures for those two were \$105,000 and \$130,000, which is embarrassing."

"The Colts go around telling people John has a bad knee and hasn't played well for the last two years. Then when they talk trade they ask for something ridiculous."

"I sincerely believe [Colt Owner Robert] Irsay wants to use this to gain a victory over me, so he can go to the owners' meetings and tell people how he beat Howard Slusher. Do you think the real football people, the Rooneys and the Tom Landrys, the Al Davises—the consistent winners in this league—play games like that? No way. They sign their players and win with them."

At least two people, Dutton and his wife Ginny, share Slusher's bitterness toward Irsay and Colt Coach Ted Marchbroda. Three weeks ago Ginny Dutton wrote a two-page letter to Marchbroda that began: "John has given the Baltimore Colts five great years. You're, however, not man enough to stand up to Mr Irsay to get a trade accomplished so John can pursue his career where he's appreciated as a fine ballplayer and a fine person." It ended with a reaffirmation of faith: "If not playing for Baltimore means ending John's career, then that's the way it will be. John, myself and our baby are the better for it. You are the loser!"

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Hinkle demonstrated a deft touch on land, too.

For the year in professional tournament golf, Lon Hinkle has to be the leading environmentalist in the clubhouse. Only Hinkle can make a tree, as he did at the U.S. Open last June. And only Hinkle can skip a ball across a pond, as he did last week at the Firestone Country Club in the World Series of Golf. The tree the USGA planted at Inverness to keep him from taking a shortcut on a par-5 hole resulted in Hinkle winning more fame than a victory in an average tour event would have brought him. But fame does not spend like \$100,000, and that was the amount he took away from Akron, Ohio after embedding Hinkle's Pond into the lore of the game alongside Hinkle's Tree.

Skipping the ball intentionally over the water on the 16th hole in Saturday's second round did not by itself win the World Series for Hinkle, but it kept him in contention and very much alive, so that he was able to make all of the good golf he played during Sunday's 36 holes pay off in a victory over the likes of Tom Watson, Larry Nelson and Lee Trevino. The 36-hole marathon final day had been

Tree man makes another splash

Lon Hinkle's route to victory in the World Series of Golf included a shot that hit both the pond and the green



A double bogey scuttled Nelson's final round

on Saturday by hooding a six-iron and hitting a two-ripler across the water and up on the green to save a par—a dazzling, mysterious sight to the high handicapper, no doubt—should have been a good omen to him and a bad one for his rivals.

Hinkle was close all the way. His opening 67 kept him within shouting distance of first-round leader Andy Bean, whose 64 indicated that Firestone's south course, with its perfectly textured greens, soft conditions and the lack of any strong wind, was there to be had. Hinkle's second-round 67 left him only one stroke behind Watson, who flashed ahead with rounds of 68 and 65, and his third-round 71 on Sunday morning put him just two strokes behind Nelson, the 54-hole leader. But at this point Hinkle was in a crowd of contenders and as the long day wore on, Nelson, Bill Rogers, Watson and Hinkle juggled the lead around as Trevino lurked a shot or two away.

First it was Rogers' tournament to lose. He went to the 17th hole needing a par-par finish for what proved to be Hinkle's winning total of eight-under 272. But he located a bunker at the 17th, blasted out none too close to the flag, and massed the putt for a bogey.

The next catastrophe befell Nelson. With what amounted to a two-stroke lead at the same 17th hole, he bunkered his second shot, hit a terrible sand shot, putted too boldly for his par and then missed the one coming back. Double bogey—and because Hinkle had just birdied there, a three-stroke swing.

On the last hole, Hinkle had a makeable eight-foot birdie putt that would have eliminated the need to watch the efforts of the final threesome—Watson, Nelson and Trevino. But the putt curled away and Hinkle had to sweat it out in the gallery.

When he saw Watson drive badly into the trees and then Nelson drive badly into a bunker, Hinkle knew all he had to worry about was Trevino. He was used to it. Hinkle and Trevino play on Tuesdays before tournaments. Not for \$100,000. "Just for enough to keep an edge," Hinkle says, not without a grin.

continued

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Trevino had missed birdie putts on the 16th and 17th. He had another chance on the 18th, but it too stayed out and so Hinkle gained the distinction of becoming a double winner on the tour (he took the Crosby in February) and the advantage of being able to talk about something besides his tree in Toledo. Now he can tell people all about his pond.

"Well, sometimes you just have to invent a shot," he said. "You don't go out and practice skipping the ball over the water, but when you've got a bare lie and you can get to the ball, and when your other choice is to play backwards, it seems worth the gamble. Maybe it was dumb. I know the tree thing was."

Not really. For one thing, we now know who Hinkle is. That is more than the sports world can say about most of this year's new PGA winners—which is what Hinkle was in 1978.

The '79 tour produced 10 first-time victors, a respectable number, though not a record. But no one will know how good the crop is until the winners have been around for a while. Undoubtedly, some will join the million-dollar club and some will fade into obscurity.

A checklist of the new faces of '79:

- Fuzzy Zoeller. Until this year he was simply a guy with a first name of a guitar player and a last name of a U-boat commander. Now Fuzzy is a Masters champion. He also won at San Diego in January. Zoeller is one of the long hitters and fun-loving talkers on the tour. He may continue to win, but if he doesn't, he'll be the answer to a trivia question: Who won the Masters that Ed Sneed lost?

- Nelson. At 32, he's surely one of the most mature first-time winners. But then he started playing golf late, not taking up the sport until he was 21. Nelson taught himself the game by reading instruction books. After five years on the tour, he broke through at the Glenside and won again by edging Ben Crenshaw in a playoff at the Western. He has quietly established himself as one of the more respected players around the locker rooms, and none of the pros was surprised when he became a Ryder Cup hero by winning all five of his matches.

- John Fought. Rhymes with boat. When he won the Buick and Napa tournaments in succession to qualify for the World Series, he became the first rookie to take back-to-back events since Roger Maltbie in 1975. Where's Maltbie now? Fought is a former U.S. Amateur cham-



Twitty was plumb-perfect 67 on Saturday

pion (1977) who figures to hang around.

- Jack Renner. A thin, young player in a white Hogan cap, he won the rich Westchester Classic. He is a bachelor. His sister Jane competes on the LPGA tour. More than anything, Renner may be remembered for having said, "My goal is to play 72 holes someday without changing expression."

- Calvin Peete. Certainly the first golfer in history to win on the tour with diamonds in his front teeth. His victory at Milwaukee made him the second black player to qualify for the Masters. He is 36 and one of 19 children. When Peete won at Milwaukee, it enabled Trevino to set a curious golfing record. Trevino became the first person ever to lose the same tournament two years in a row to two different black players, Lee Elder having beaten him the year before.

- Wayne Levi. Although his name rhymes with heavy, he nevertheless has a contract to wear Levi's and carries a denim golf bag. In 1978 he won the Disney team title with Bob Mann, but his first individual championship came this year at Houston.

- Mark McCumber. His win at Doral in March was the most surprising of the year, because he had failed to get his players' card until his sixth try. Despite his victory, he has dropped from among '79's top 60 money winners.

- Bob Byman. When he failed twice to get his card, he skipped the country, going abroad to win the Dutch, Scanda-

navian and New Zealand Opens. With his confidence bolstered, Byman came home to win Arnold Palmer's tournament at Bay Hill. He is young, tough and good-looking. He is also not overly popular with other players, which means he must be talented.

- Howard Twitty. Here's a big fellow who looks less like his name than anyone since Ky Laffoon. Nobody ever looked like a Ky Laffoon. Twitty has been in the top 60 for four years. He was just waiting to win. It finally happened at the B.C. Open.

- D. A. Weibring. Donald Albert Weibring was tall, handsome and blond, so why not become a touring pro? It was only after he won the Quad Cities tournament that anyone knew exactly which one of the pros he was. Now there are people who have come to recognize him as an articulate chap and not a bad swinger of the club.

There are three more tournaments this year—the Texas, Southern and Pensacola Opens—so there are three more chances for first-time winners. The World Series of Golf is not really the end of the season as far as money and exemptions go. What it is, in fact, is the beginning of qualifying for next year's World Series, which will be moved to the last week of August in the hope of stimulating more interest.

The enlarging of the field from 26 to 36 players this year—by picking up entries from those high on the money list who do not otherwise qualify under the World Series' complex system—was a concession to TV and Firestone, but the golfers who got in that way didn't feel they had earned the right to be in a tournament that had the ring of a Tournament of Champions without the plush trappings of La Costa.

The answer to the problem of selling the World Series as a tournament may be to keep increasing the field each year until it gets up to 144 players. At that point they can call it the American Golf Classic, which is what Firestone used to host.

At least, that would probably make Jack Nicklaus eligible. He didn't qualify for last week's World Series. Which prompted a lady in the gallery to ask, "How can they call this the World Series of Golf if they don't invite Jack Nicklaus?"

Wonder what she thought as Hinkle's ball skipped across the water?

849

HAWAII FIVE

by KENNY MOORE

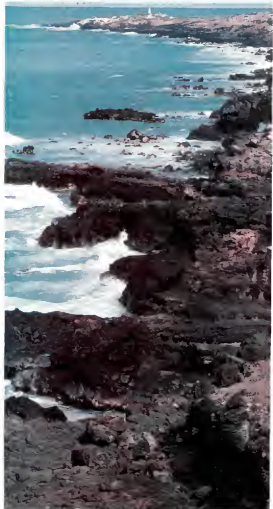
As we assembled beside the beach of our hotel near Waimea Bay on our first morning, sipping tea and daubing sunscreen on shoulders and faces, we happened to catch sight of a pod of finback whales. Through the hotel's telescopes we watched them, submarines of solid flesh, barnacled and dark, blasting their vapororous breath into the warm Pacific air.

"Good omen," said Dr. Jack Scaff, one of the originators of our approaching venture. "Of course we're only ready to accept good omens. If the hotel had been engulfed in fire and lava, that would have been a good omen, meaning we must forsake the things of civilization and take ourselves to the wilderness."

The 36 of us formed our own little pod on the hotel's front drive. A small gun was fired. We began to run. The Great Hawaiian Footrace, whose 500,000 meters (312 miles) would take us almost two and a half times around the island of Oahu, had begun.

As we joined the main road along Oahu's north shore and headed west beside pastures where the grass was high enough to sweep a horse's belly, the task ahead seemed simple enough. Three light-blue vans carried our gear and gave us directions and water as we ran. When we reached Mokuleia Beach Park, 18 miles distant, our times would be recorded and we would put up a brightly colored tent village until the next morning when we would break camp, load everything into the vans and set off afresh. We would finish after 18 days of running (and two of recharging in Honolulu midway through the race), having stayed in 15 different beach parks. We had only

continued



Going around Kaena Point, the road to Waikiki soon became no road at all for the 36 runners

DOUBLE ○

During a 20-day race covering 500 kilometers—or 2½ laps around the island of Oahu—the entrants experienced exhaustion, ecstasy and the execrable





The daily routine included Dr. Ben Kuchar's rendition of reveille and long menus featuring crazy cookies.



Dr. Jack Scaff, co-organizer of the race, points out the day's route to mixed reactions

three rules: no sunburn, no littering and always check in and out of camp, "so we won't call out the sea rescue teams and then find you in some bar," said Scaff.

Conceived by Scaff and Dr. Tom Bassler as a fanciful impossibility and then actually organized by Donna Scaff, Jack's patent wife, as a rigorous running holiday, the experience would be given its final character by the land and people we met. And by us.

The race had been advertised only once, a year earlier in *Runner's World* magazine, and as it demanded three weeks and a \$600 entry fee (to cover our five nights in hotels with catered meals and assorted extras), it seemed that whoever signed up must be enjoying some measure of financial ease or else represent the leading edge of the running craze. As it turned out, mania, not money, was more nearly our common denominator, but it assumed wonderfully diverse forms.

"There is no one more competitive than I am," said lean Ed Shaffer of Walterboro, S.C., who had piloted 747s for Pan Am until a few months earlier when he had reached the mandatory retirement age of 60. He had departed grudgingly, believing that a man who could run a 3:11 marathon, as he did this year in New Orleans, wasn't going to slump over in the cockpit. Shaffer's other "calling" seems

to be the sirens' song. He has been married seven times and he isn't about to retire from that. "It's unnatural for a man to live alone," he said one afternoon as he watched a lovely Pan Am stewardess put up his tent. "I get married for the honeymoons and the dinners."

More solitary was Leon Henderson, 32, of Eugene, Ore. In the early 1960s, Henderson and I were high school milers, teammates and competitors. But after he graduated he spent a year in New Zealand, where he was won over by the joys of fell, or mountain, running. Our ways parted, mine leading to the rather densely peopled world of track and marathon racing, his to the more solitary one of running over every summit he could see. Now, in this long race, our paths at last converged.

A stocky man of enormous strength, with clear, visionary eyes and a thick blond beard, Henderson had worked most often as a ranch foreman in Eugene. He had once spent five weeks in the employ of a Los Angeles photographer, shooting stills of *The Gong Show*. He had departed when the show's crudeness—gratuitous cruelty, really—drove him back to his beloved Oregon mountains and big trees. Upon hearing of the Great Hawaiian Footrace, a shock of recognition had hit him. "I somehow knew this was the event for me," he said, echo-





The camp at Keolu Beach Park provided a colorful overnight layover for the troupe

ing the sentiments of most of those in the field.

He had trained by coming over from Oregon three months earlier and running across the wild expanses of the Kahua Ranch on the island of Hawaii, and because of his proven ability to run back-to-back 30-mile days, he seemed a good bet to win, but he said, "I look at it more as a matter of survival."

Henderson's temperament is kindly among friends, but he exhibits a certain perverse pleasure in keeping his listeners, particularly people he doesn't know well, off balance, as when he spoke the day before the race of the new sport he had invented: Disorienting. "If you follow the trail, you're disqualified; if you go where anyone else goes, you're disqualified, as you are if you find one of the checkpoints on purpose. The only way to win is to get completely, unceremoniously lost."

Duly consternated at such talk was

Harvey Shultz, 44, of Clawson, Mich. A grizzled machinist with the rock-hard torso of a boxer, Shultz had run for less than two years. He, and 27 others, belonged to the "adventure" category of entrants who were entitled, when intrigued by a sugar mill or a flea market, to turn off their digital timers while they explored and to restart them when they pressed on, thus keeping their own unique system of elapsed time. The rest of us were in the competitive division, which meant that every second we were on the road was added to our accumulated time.

After seven miles of our first day's run, we stopped to gulp a cool drink from the hose of the Church of Saints Peter and Paul overlooking tranquil Waimea Bay. The pink church tower shaded us, and from within—it being Sunday—we heard the sweet strains of hymns. For Shultz, this temptation was irresistible. After drinking, he knocked on the church door and asked admission.

"But you need a shirt," whispered the usher, staring at Shultz' attire, which consisted solely of soaked yellow shorts with red hibiscus flowers on them.

"Well, I'm running, man," he said. "My things are miles from here."

Charity prevailed, and Shultz was given a shirt. At least it used to be a shirt. Now its buttons were gone, along with its sleeves. It was a little cape, actually, but it served, and Shultz sat through the remainder of the mass beatifically sweating. When he came out, the usher insisted he take the sodden thing with him.

By this time the rest of us had run through the sleepy little town of Haleiwa and on past steamy sugarcane fields, the heat rising from the road, to our first day's finish at Mokuleia Beach Park. After our tents had been erected on a lawn covered with the tiny shards of ironwood cones, Scaff looked out over the eastern bay, breathing in the view of the green land we had crossed. "It's like the outer islands, isn't it?" he said, pointing to the minute pink tower of Shultz' church, nearly lost in the distance.

"Harvey has been on insulin since he was five," Schaffer said suddenly. "He's lived much longer than almost any other juvenile diabetic." Schaffer confessed admiration for the man's brute strength. "If he seems aggressive or eccentric, I believe it's because he's living

continued



every day as if it were his last."

We were splendidly cared for. Gil and Tippy Dias, a middle-aged couple, were children of the sea, she from Tonga, he from Hawaii. They saw to our feeding. Every evening Gil gathered a few good swimmers and tugged 100 feet of delicate gill net into position outside the surf or reef. At dawn he brought in the fish, which later would be broiled and served with our dinner.

A dozen of us were subjects in a medical study being conducted by Dr. Rudy Dressendorfer of the University of California at Davis and Charles Wade of Tripler Army Hospital. Blood and urine would be taken at dawn on eight selected mornings to determine from our enzyme and hormone responses whether these 130 miles per week of hot-weather running were strengthening us or eating us away. Assisting Dressendorfer and Wade was University of Hawaii biology student and cross-country runner Becky Russell—blonde and tan—whom Henderson immediately dubbed the Race Bunny. It was a role she accepted, she said archly, "only to prove that an ardent feminist can have a sense of humor." Indeed she had one, with a bit of an edge to it. "Do you mean," she said with a pout as we milled around before the start, "that this is the last day I get any of you guys fresh?"

It was. Our daily routine quickly devel-

oped into one of rising at dawn, pressing resolutely through our two-to-five hours of running while the day was still relatively cool, and then resting. If there was luxury in what we did, we took it during the many stages of recovery. Immediately upon finishing, we sat or lay in postures as far removed from running form as possible and soaked up liquids. Scuff had to keep upping the order for Primo beer until it leveled off at 15 cases a day, or an average of 10 bottles a runner.

Once hydrated, we passed into a stage of ravenous hunger, consuming sand-

wiches and fruit and juice and soft drinks until the day's one large meal, trucked to us from Honolulu, arrived in the early evening. The first night at Mokuiea we kept eating through dinner, through what was supposed to be the next day's breakfast, and the next day's lunch. "There's nothing to eat until tomorrow's truck," said Scuff, who estimated we each were burning 5,000 calories a day. "And, uh, there's one other thing. Tomorrow there's no road."

You can't drive around Kaena Point, the dry and desolate northwest protrusion of Oahu. So after we had run three miles on our second day, the vans gave us one last drink and turned away for the 50-mile drive down the flat center of the island and back up the west coast. We had to take care of ourselves for six miles of we knew not what and as many more miles as we would run before the vans found us on the other side. We were to finish at Waianae Regional Park 18 miles away.

We ran cautiously, in little groups, scouting the rutted sandy track, dodging crumbling lava outcroppings, sidestepping holes as big as bathtubs, as big as swimming pools. As we passed the point's lighthouse, we mounted a rise and were dazzled by the whole Waianae side of the island, its steep green valleys running back between dark, sheer cliffs. Waves burst up at us from the rocks below. "Now this is country," said Henderson with dismaying vigor. "A man could make a hard race of it the next two times through here."

When we regained paved road, Henderson trod on it with distaste, but Jeff Jones, 33, a math teacher from Westport, N.Y., shot ahead. He had hidden his competitive intentions well, having said to Henderson the day before, "Please don't ever change your shorts. When those black shorts cross the road, I cross the road. I plan to focus on them in my trance for 300 miles."

Henderson and I, knowing we faced a hot 23 miles the following day, let him go and tried for that elusive rhythm in which every running muscle is working just as hard as all the others, so that you wear out evenly. We cruised into Waianae town 48 seconds behind Jones. Right behind us were John McCormack, a 29-year-old fireman from Brooklyn, and Doug Peck, 24, a cross-country skier and

continued



All a massage given by the Race Bunny, ouch! a biopsy for Ed Shaffer, and, ouch some of the blisters caused by legs of 13 to 23 miles a day

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HAWAII continued

have been rules, because whenever one choked or kneed the other, the crowd separated them. As their faces and chests ran with blood and still the blows landed, we sat there, cavalier and defenseless, unable to imagine getting up the energy or the hate to work such destruction on another. Then, suddenly, some sort of arbitrary conclusion was reached, and the crowd broke and flowed around us, going back to school, taking no notice of weary transients.

All was peace again so quickly that we wondered whether we had not had a communal dream. "On second thought,"

Henderson asked if he had any mole-skin with him.

Shultz glanced at the lawn to his right and to his left. "I haven't seen a mole in the longest time," he said with innocent desperation, as though he might be expected to catch one.

During lulls in a four-hour lunch of Portuguese sweet bread, honey, Primo, roast beef, cheese, Manon lettuce, orange and more Primo, we swam in a little bay; signed a petition against a deepwater harbor for oil tankers at nearby Barbers Point; showered in the park lawn sprinklers; and heard the tale of the three high school kids from Ramona, Calif. who were running with us. Bruce Breon, Ralph Mittman and Larry Hargis had somehow talked their teachers into cutting them loose for three weeks in April and May on the promise that they would write extensive reports on their experience. They'd dived for golf balls in Southern California water hazards and sold them back to pro shops to raise their plane fare to Hawaii. "Cross-country is what I love," said Mittman, "but I've never seen anyone do it like Harvey."

"That's not cross-country," said Henderson. "That's rock surfing. Hey, Harvey, rock's up!"

On the third day we were running by 7 a.m., easing into the idea of 23 miles, when Dave Erb, 28, a Colorado Springs builder who had been laying off the pace the first two days, moved strongly ahead. In ragged single file we ran down the west side of Oahu, the first 12 miles along the Farrington Highway, a four-lane glut of buses and trucks and menacing boxy vans with darkly tinted windshields. The vehicles blasted by our elbows with what seemed blind indifference, each tightening our nerves one increment more as it passed.

Then we left the main road and followed an old highway eight miles through cane fields. Sections of cane were being burned before cutting. Rats and monagooses ran before the fire. Through the smoke and floating ash we got our first look at the tiny profile of Diamond Head, far off to the southeast, proof that we were making progress.

Erb, Jones, Henderson and I, running in a little group, passed used-car lots and taverns along Kamehameha Highway. Flimsy suburban roofs terraced the slopes of Pearl City above us. After 22 miles,

continued



Harvey Shultz heads off on one of his quixotic runs, while in a lush valley a dog joins the race. Shoes wore out, but the contestants did not.



ultramarathoner from South Lake Tahoe, Calif. Things were sorting themselves out in the competitive division.

We sat on a log, drew on our Primo and reflected upon where to put our tents. "Looks shady under that thorn tree," said Henderson. As he pointed, cars full of kids screeched into the parking lot behind us, their occupants springing out before the cars braked to a stop. There was a high school across the highway, and it seemed to be emptying. Kids were running past us, shouting, trembling in the cold grip of adrenaline. They gathered under the same kiawe tree Henderson had thought attractive. Two brown young men stripped to the waist and purposefully set about trying to kill each other, the sound of their punches carrying with disturbing solidity. There must

said Henderson, "I think I'll set my tent over here in the sun."

Then we heard Shultz. "Hey, does the laundry take out burrs?" he shouted.

We turned. Harvey was covered with crusts of mud and coagulating blood.

He had climbed the cliffs back at Kaena Point, thinking that because telephone wires were up there, a road might be. "I climbed ledge after ledge and it got awfully hard, so I looked back and I said, 'Oh, no... the path's down there.'" His crashing descent had been at the expense of his legs.

"Harvey is an accumulation of everything that has ever gone wrong with a runner," said Henderson.

"You're right about what a mess I am," Shultz agreed. "Look at this blister on my heel."

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Bearded fell runner Leon Henderson and ultramarathoner Doug Peck finished well

HAWAII continued

when I yearned to be done, Jones seemed to come to. "How far are we going to-day?" he asked, apparently just having thought of it. Henderson stared at him.

We finished the leg at Neil Blussdell Park on the shore of Pearl Harbor. Jones said that he had never broken an hour for 10 miles, not possessing the speed to sustain a six-minute-mile pace. Yet he had been averaging sevens for the 58 miles we had covered. "He must be a natural ultramarathoner," said Henderson later. "We're lucky we're not doing 40 miles a day. I don't think he'd notice."

Because of the day's longer distance, fatigue lingered. Camp faded in and out in brief tableaux. In one of them Henderson hectoring Peck and his friend, Sally Beagan, 23, of Woodside, Calif., who was leading the competitive women's division, about their careful vegetarianism, saying, "You'll admit, won't you, that a cow is just a conspiracy of some vegetables against other vegetables? Here, have some millet. It's the corn of the sea."

To compensate for the long trek of the day before, we had to run only 13 miles on Day 4, along construction-scarred Nimitz Highway into Waikiki. The finish was at our hotel on a back street. Henderson and I fought through buses and shuffling formations of tourists to get there. "Two laps to go," he said when we were done, meaning, two laps of the island. Henderson suddenly looked up at a phalanx of white-haired, thickset wom-

en applauding us from the hotel lanai and said, very loudly, "The irony of it is that if their husbands had run and not died early, those biddies wouldn't have been able to use the insurance money to come over here and cheer us on."

The next day we ran rapidly out of town to the east, past Diamond Head, out Kalaianale Highway, the route of the Honolulu Marathon, of which Jack Scaff is one of the originators. We finished the 17 miles over two large lava hills at Makapuu Point. McCormack won the leg, giving us five winners in our first five days. Henderson and I finished a minute and a half back, a few seconds of which were spent cowering in a ditch to escape an enormous earthmover being carried on a still more gargantuan truck.

After we had drunk heartily, we let turquoise waves batter us silly at Makapuu Beach, the best body-surfing area on Oahu. When we staggered out, we collapsed on the hot sand.

"My Lord, I can't even lift the can to my lips," said Jones.

"You know," said McCormack, lying spread-eagle, staring into the expanding blue sky, "there's nobody better than us. I don't mean we're better than everybody, but there's nobody better than us." That was a shared feeling, that having been reduced to basics, we were becoming a mobile tribe.

Our tribe had increased with the addition of Bert and Earlene Smith of Odessa, Texas, he a red-faced trial lawyer, she a tiny blonde woman given to outfits of shocking pink. They had signed on for a week. The Smiths reminded Henderson

of Chester and Jessica Tate in *Soap*. Bert tended toward resonance in his speech, and Earlene showed a wondrous solicitude for his welfare. As they neared the finish of each day's run, Bert would put his head down and outkick Earlene. Then, as he stood panting, she would kneel and untie his shoes for him.

Day 6 presented us with our hilliest section, 19.7 miles above the cities of Kailua and Kaneohe and along the shore of Kaneohe Bay to Kualoa Point, near the minuscule island known as Chinaman's Hat.

By now we knew how to keep track of mileage by reference to mileposts and markers put down by Roberto Deuriarte, the race's chief recorder. We invested such a childish faith in them that when this day's run went on a mile farther than advertised, Henderson said, "They flat-out lied to us."

During the afternoon Scaff animatedly reported behind-the-scenes events. "The caterer thinks we're sandbagging him," he said. "He keeps saying, 'Are you sure you only have 36 people out there?'"

Dr. Ben Kuchar, 60, of Palos Verdes, Calif., normally blew his bugle for reveille at 5:30 a.m. Now he did it at 5 p.m., heralding the return of Shultz, who had been forced to stay on in Waikiki with an attack of diarrhea. He arrived wan and confused after a day spent on buses trying to find us. Over a dinner of noodles he grew stronger as he described a life-



Near the end in Ala Moana Park, a greeter expresses the morning's universal sentiment

The author leads the way to the finish. He completed the 312-mile distance in 35:11:51

long train of ordeals, his diabetes, his being in the wrong place at the wrong time at the wrong speed. "I had a motorcycle wreck nine years ago," he said. "Broke my back, hip, ribs, everything. My right leg is still an inch thinner than my left. But the running—ah, it's been a godsend, although I still don't know what I'm doing." This was observable. Shultz ran as he lived, with such force that his shoes tended to explode under him. He tried to put the resulting soreness and blisters out of mind, in much the fashion that he requested no novocaine when he had a tooth drilled. "Think about it," he said. "The really bad pain of a dentist only adds up to 15 seconds or so, but that horrible flabby numbness of novocaine lasts half a day." It was such a rational assessment of trade-offs that had led Shultz here. "I'd only been on my machine's job a week when I left to try this thing," he said. "It's not worth worrying whether it'll be there when I get back."

Our seventh day, another 23-mile, would more than complete our first circuit of the island. It was a strangely paced run, Jones starting us off at his unchanging speed and then McCormack passing crisply at 11 miles. Henderson and I said to each other, "Now let's not go with him," but after a mile we went with him. Through the Kahuku sugar area McCormack increased the pace on every downhill. Despite a hot sun I felt good, but Henderson, heavier, needing more fluid, was in trouble by the 20th mile. He dropped back, the first time that we had not kept company through an entire leg. Cut adrift from his sensible counsel—that to last out the race required caution in the early stages, and that no matter if it felt as though we had been born on these roads, it was still early—I tossed my hat aside and took off past McCormack. For a couple of miles the lift of my 5:30 pace was exhilarating. Then, as heat-dizziness began to creep in, I had the sustenance of knowing the end was near. Indeed, there was a blue van 200 yards ahead. But as I watched, it started up and drove away—another misjudged end. For a mile I struggled on, furious, developing a bile-filled speech, which I finally delivered to DeLuarte, he nodding, abject, as I raged that that was never going to happen again. After two minutes of jogging recovery I was back, abject myself, apologizing for my derange-



ment. We ended up hugging, delivered into these wild swings of emotion by the chemistry of slight changes of pace. That day a kid on a skateboard had asked Scaff what he was doing. Scaff shouted, "Give me your food!" grabbed the kid's Fritos and ran on.

We were on Ehukai Beach, site of the Banzai Pipeline with its renowned tubing waves. We sat on the sand and watched the surfers and shared bits of our day. A little poodlelike dog had come yapping out of a yard after Lieutenant Dave Benson, head of the Honolulu Police Department's Traffic Enforcement Division, who ran with us on selected days, but before it reached him a car hit it. "A lady ran out," said Benson, "and said, 'That dumb boy, I told him to tie that dog. Now I make him dig one hole!'"

Here at Ehukai we feasted on mahi-mahi Florentine and pineapple/liche/cherry salad. Half a dozen Japanese women from the Shiatsu massage school arrived and went to work on us. Now the race leader on elapsed time, I was escorted to the senses (the professor) who is head of the school, for his special treatment, which, because he had to catch a plane to Maui in an hour, consisted of hurried stretches, twists and snaps of delicate regions, including the horrifying act of rubbing my kneecaps around in circles as though they were scurrying pads. In five minutes the professor was on his way to the airport. Bruised, I watched Henderson slide into blissful unconsciousness under the tender and careful touch of a masseuse named Kathy, who soothed him for an hour and a half without going near his kneecaps. "Want I I

tell the guys they threw in a massage," said Mittman.

The next morning the vans took us to the cool, fragrant glades and soggy parrots of Waimea Falls Park. Peacocks wailed as we breakfasted in misty rain on papaya slices from silver platters. We departed on our run just as an oldtime revival got going in a big park tent. Shultz missed the start. He was singing hymns in the service.

It was only a 13-mile day, and now we were retracing our steps. Certain fields and vistas were familiar to the point of nostalgia. Henderson, rejuvenated by his rubdown, tied with McCormack and Peck for the leg, two minutes ahead of Erb and me.

In the golden light before sunset, Donna Scaff and her three sisters, all raised on Molokai, passed around lengths of splashy red cloth and taught us how to wear them as Polynesian lavalavas, requisite dinner dress. Afterward, Jack Scaff and I walked in the sea, a more salubrious massage than the manipulations of the Shiatsu.

We remarked on the good cheer of all our adventurers. "These are special people," he said, "because they're self-chosen, doing this for the only good reason—that they want to."

I smiled, because in the competitive division the rigor was mounting. Our mid-race rest was two days away, but first we again had to cross roadless Kaena Point and then run through the cane fields to Pearl Harbor. Because I could be expected to put my track-runner's speed to the test on that last day, Henderson's strategy concentrated on Kaena Point, where

continued

his cross-country gifts might either get back a lot of my 13-minute lead or make me run so hard that my effectiveness on the morrow would be cut.

Thus after Jones led for three miles to the start of the rough going, Henderson for the first time showed us the kind of running he loves. With a low, balanced stride that calls on the power of his hips and thighs, he went away over the rocks and hollows and ledges. For a couple of miles I kept within 40 yards, benefiting from his pathfinding, but then my arms ached from the arhythmic struggle and my breath came in uncontrollable gasps. He had me by 200 yards when we reached the road. A mile later he had me by 400. Try as I did, past the condominiums of Makaha Beach, at the end he beat me by a minute, and I was so full of ache that my mind rebelled at the idea of racing hard again the next morning. We had run the 17-mile leg 20 minutes faster than a week earlier.

We camped at Nanakuli Beach Park, beside an inviting gem of a bay. Snorkeling in the clear shallows we saw the *Hu-muhumunukunapua*, made famous in the song "Little Grass Shack," and then, farther out, black fins a foot high, moving at speed. There is a churning mixture of fear and delight at the appearance of large creatures in the ocean, a sensation that is memorable later but paralyzing at the time. As the shapes came in toward us, watchers on the beach shouted that they were dolphins.

I swam out with Steve Marts, a member of the crew filming the race. The group—it looked like it consisted of four or five dolphins—turned away, and our spirits fell. Then they turned again and swept past us, their high-pitched tones and clicks filling the sea, and as the underwater shadows resolved into dolphins, we saw with wonder that there were at least 50 of them, elegant and aloof, each larger than the imagination was ready for.

When they had passed, we were euphoric, dazed, honored. I sat on the beach for an hour, scanning the sea, wondering if there were any service a man could perform to entice them to return. I thought of none.

In the night—perhaps as a result of my musing on the beach—I dreamed I was again swimming near the dolphins. They were all around me, agitated, nudging. A female was in trouble. She was trying to give birth, a tiny tail protruding from her sleekness. I reached in—such warmth in the cold sea—and got my hands around the infant dolphin, folded its fins down and slid it free, supporting it on the surface until its new breath began. It shot away, and the group formed around it. At once I was alone, hanging over the cobalt abyss.

The next day I raced Henderson over the hills of the Farrington Highway, through the eternally burning cane. The last six miles were upon a traffic-clogged

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read into Ewa Beach. Down a hill I heard his footsteps fall away. I took the pace down a notch. Near the finish I remember thinking that to the drivers of the trucks and vans this straining man must be as foreign, as incomprehensible, as any dolphin.

Harvey Shultz had turned collector. He brought in a pair of mismatched gloves, a can opener, a bowling pin, a hat, a dipstick and a round of live ammunition. "I'm going to throw it in the bonfire tonight," he said, an angry mood having overtaken him on the road.

"Promise me, promise me you won't," said Jack Scaff, having forgotten that we never had a bonfire.

It was May 1st, Lei Day in Hawaii, and Donna Scaff had some experts in Hawaiiana arrive with bales of flowers to teach us the sticky craft of garland-making. After dinner we walked the beach, bedecked with leis, watching the lights of Honolulu across the water.

"It looks pretty from here," I said.

"So does New York," said Henderson, "from outer space."

We got to the city the next day, following a circuitous route. By virtue of the Scaffs' prodigious pull, we were cleared to drive our vans through the West Loch of Pearl Harbor, a secure naval area where strange buildings crouch behind hedges of barbed wire. Photography was forbidden, because here are entombed the nuclear weapons for the military in the Pacific. We were to be picked up by a catamaran for a tour of the harbor.

We passed a scattered day and a half in Waikiki. When we gathered for dinner, the talk was all of the road, of each other. A movement was growing to move the finish, now only a lap away, from the grating surround of Waikiki to somewhere more private. "Maybe we shouldn't finish at all," said Henderson. "Maybe we should just go our separate ways and rejoice on other islands. Ireland, say, or New Caledonia."

We began again with 20.5 miles around Makapuu Point, stopping at Bellows Beach Park, an Air Force facility which had a sign on the rest room saying, DRY PAINT. On a beach of powdered-sugar sand, McCormack said, "I wish this thing were starting over. A few sore muscles, some hard uphill pulls, no price at all for such an experience."

Behind us, ducks were fought, the fiercest between George Conlin, 48, an executive in a juice-dispenser firm, and Bill Zappas, 58, for the over-40 title. Conlin, from Belvedere, Calif., on San Francisco Bay, had arrived admirably lean and fit from training 100 miles a week. Zappas, who runs a real-estate company in Los Angeles, had begun less strongly but now was gaining, having passed his 28-year-old son, Mike. His secret, he said, was the Shiatsu massage and an unbending competitiveness. He goaded himself by talking of Conlin's lead, calling his rival "Sneaky George" and saying, "I'm going to hang on him, I'm going to drive him crazy."

"But Bill, that's cruel," I said. "Can you sustain that cruelty for another 125 miles?"

"Sure. That's what it's all about."

Another hard man was Pat Gorey, 38, who tends bar at The Red Blazer on Second Avenue and 81st Street in Manhattan. A strong starter and an ashen, wobbly finisher who had a disturbing tendency to lie down with his head in the road, Gorey had smoked two packs a day for 25 years. After two weeks of our setting on him he quit—for a day—and looked so grave that the more humane among us urged him to keep on with his disgusting practice.

If we were protective of anyone, it was Carlene Lucas, 38, of Novato, Calif., who combined boundless energy with a faint air of hesitancy. A housewife with three children, in 1970 she contracted guillain-barré, a disease that destroys the myelin sheath covering the nerves, and for four months she was paralyzed. She recovered slowly, taking up running both as therapy and as an affirmation of her return to a full life. She had seen a circular for the footrace at a friend's house and had decided to run in it "as my first truly selfish act," she said.

THE next three days, 15 miles from Bellows to Lanani Beach Park, 16 miles to Hukilau Beach Park near the Mormon Temple at Laie and 19 miles to Alii Beach Park in Haleiwa, seemed to fray our nerves more than any earlier passage. A garbage truck passed with its driver and hauler screaming invective at us. A truck went for McCormack and a bus

veered off after Henderson and Peck, its driver bearing the serene face of the angel of death. The feeling of always being the hunted moved us to an ascending hatred of the automobile.

Later, calmed by a cool beach, beautiful colors, spray floating over black rocks, we examined our deteriorating feet in the soft glow of survival.

"Well, your lead is up to half an hour," Henderson said to me as the Race Bunny rubbed our sore calves.

"So I can give you 10 minutes a day."

"But you might cramp up and fall down on the rocks of Kaena Point tomorrow."

"And lie there kicking at random jerks," said the Race Bunny, "like a cockroach when you spray him with Raid."

Shultz had run with a vengeance, having been passed by Gorey with six miles to go. "No self-destructive smoker was going to pull that," he said. "I ran behind him for a while and then when he hit the wall, I passed him and beat him by six minutes." Shultz rubbed at us by continuing for a half mile past the finish. Gorey had a Primo and walked into town for some cigarettes. We had begun to consider ourselves a raffish collection, scraggly, bony and unconstrained by a strict sense of propriety. We were now to see what real incivility was.

When Gorey returned from town he passed a knot of local youths in the parking lot. One called out to him that he'd heard that.

"Heard what?"

"What you called me."

Gorey hadn't said anything. An able bartender, he recognized that the man was drunk and kept walking. The fractious local stumbled after him and took a wild swing. Gorey easily ducked and kept moving. The drunk followed, trailed in turn by half a dozen of his friends. This procession came into our camp, and once there, the intruders went wild, attacking Dave Gutierrez and George Collins perhaps because they are Chicano and black, respectively, and were tentmates, and this had aroused some racist ire in the observing locals. They couldn't have picked a worse man to fight than Gutierrez, who stunned one of them with a single punch and took two others to the ground.

At length the attackers, shouting that they would return, retreated across the

continued

park. Gutierrez had a scraped collarbone, and the nail on his left big toe had been torn away, apparently by a tent peg.

The police, in the form of two large patrolmen, arrived and talked to the locals, who made no move to leave, and us.

"We classify this as third-degree assault, a misdemeanor," said one of the policemen, an Officer Donnelly, after assessing our stories. "We have to actually witness the offense before we can make an arrest."

This was met with cries of disbelief.

"Arrest them for being drunk and disorderly," said someone.

"If we arrest them for drinking in public, we'll have to arrest half of you," said Donnelly. "I'll stay around as long as I can, but I'm afraid I can't guarantee you a quiet night."

As these negotiations went on, the park seemed to fill with 12- and 14-year-old kids, many doing exaggerated little dances of combat, feinting, darting.

"Jackals," said Henderson. We shared a sense of society gathering against us. Finally our protector, Lieutenant Benson, arrived from duty in Honolulu. "I can't leave you guys alone for a minute," he said, grinning. He had brought along a superior, a major. Soon five patrol cars ringed our camp. One officer put on a halva and helped Gil Dias get in the nets.

Officer Donnelly and I had a talk, in which he expressed some sympathy for the frustrations of many local people, priced out of ever owning a home by the influx of rich mainlanders. "We Hawaiian boys, we don't get encouraged to stay in school," he said. "The guys who came after you aren't bad. I know them. They just sometimes feel there's nothing to do but hit somebody."

They seemingly feel that fairly regularly, because they came back twice in the night. Encountering 280-pound policemen with dogs, they crept away again, and we slept undisturbed.

The next morning we escaped around Kaena Point, beginning apprehensively, finishing relieved at Keauau Beach Park to discover that we had been followed, not by assailants but by a gangly white poi dog, probably with dalmatian in his ancestry. He collapsed with blistered paws and was thereafter fed and petted so generously that Keauau Park surpassed his every notion of Heaven. By acclamation we named him Primo.

With another day's time and distance, the fight at Halewa began to seem like a rude but necessary awakening on two levels. First, to the real dangers of some regions—"Nowhere is paradise," said Gil Dias. "Every place got its thugs." And then to the subtle unreality that had been claiming us. It was one thing to reduce our wants to those of animal subsistence, to reject for a time the coveting of property or power and to treasure instead a soft stride, a fine tan, a good heat tolerance and a colorful character to run with. But to fancy that, like the dolphins, we might fashion a lean and mobile society on those values was dangerous in a world where there was no escape from the vengeful and dispossessed. "We all have to live together," said Henderson. "It's a shame, but there it is."

Our penultimate day took us 21 miles to Kechi Lagoon Park, near the Honolulu airport. From there it would be only a 10,000-meter sprint to the finish we had selected in Ala Moana Park—out and away from the towers of Waikiki. Again Peck and McCormack won the leg, finishing together. "We're million-meter racers," they said. We had run past the Primo brewery. Two days later it was shut down by its corporate master, Schlitz.

Jack Scaff and Shultz were late to finish. When they arrived they were walking unsteadily, like desert survivors, both completely spent. Scaff had pleaded with his wife for a ride.

"No, poor dear," she had said, driving on.

They came in with arms linked. "We took a tour of a taffy factory," said Scaff, shaking his head. "Harvey was yanking it out of the machine and eating it by the greasy fistfuls."

Shultz sat down and dropped his day's findings, a land snail shell, a tube of Lir Lustre, 20 feet of nylon cord, a red flag from the back of a lumber truck and a bolt that must have weighed four pounds.

"Three hours, 31 minutes," he said, stopping his watch. We all looked at Scaff.

"3:18.05," he said.

Shultz stiffened. "We were together the whole way!"

"I can't help it if you don't know how to time."

After that, the celebrations seemed to bleed into each other. We made the final six miles the next morning, escorted through traffic-clotted urban streets to Ala Moana Park by police on motorcycles. The early finishers turned to embrace the followers. We ended up in our lavalavas at the Scaff home. It turned out that I had run the 312 miles in 35:11:51, an average of 6:45 a mile. I had gained one pound. Henderson had finished in 36:01:00; McCormack in 36:38:53; Jones in 37:21:48; Peck in 38:02:54; Erb in 41:16:37; Gorty in 41:59:06. Shaffer was 10th, in 43:01:02; Shultz was 14th, in 44:20:57; and Scaff 16th in 48:58:28, a time that was lustily booed.

Formalities over, we found that we couldn't leave. (Indeed, Breen, Mittman and Hargis, the high school kids, were still camped on the Scaff lanai three days later.) We talked of doing one grand lap of the much larger island of Hawaii. We kept casting back, describing everything to hold fast the memory of the race. I thought of the last time around Kaena Point.

Again Henderson had swept away, knowing eight and 10 steps ahead where to put his feet. He talked later of "catching my rhythm," but to me, the runner of smooth roads, that sounded like nonsense. A rough-country man's rhythm must be dictated by the rocks, the holes. "There was one stretch there," he said, "where we had to cross the tops of all those jutting, sharp rocks, and I hit each one perfectly. It was like a dance." I remembered it as a terrifying ordeal. Peck, trained on Tahoe trails, had given the best chase.

As I stumbled behind I had had a sudden conviction: I would win this race, but only because there was little rough ground like this along the way. The larger conclusion was that all racing was arbitrary, the chance elements of distance, of terrain, of temperature, combining to choose a winner. What was left, what was important, was how the long struggle moved us, how it toughened and stretched and then mangled all these disparate souls.

As I reached the paved road I had seen Henderson inexplicably standing there. He had turned to me, white teeth shining out of a polished walnut face. "As far as I'm concerned," he'd said, transported, "it's all over."

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First Person

by JOHN HILCOBRAND

A RETURN VISIT TO AN ALASKAN CABIN EVOKES OLD FEARS AND A PAINFUL PAST

The train pulls away from the station and follows the river up the terraced valley into a gorge in the Alaska Range. After it passes out of sight, I look at the wide gravel flats below the depot where the Nenana broadens into braided channels. The wind is picking up. Clouds move down the slopes, throwing shadows across the gravel bars. As the river comes from under a shadow into hard daylight, I can just make out the silty turbulence in each channel, the gray pulsing of arteries flowing north into the Tanana, the Yukon, emptying into an Asian sea.

The baggageman had set my pack at the end of the platform. Shouldering it, I walk from the depot, pass the Healy Hotel and head down the road out of town. A dog begins to bark, the only sound except for the wind. My thoughts are on another time.

We were new to the country then, and to each other. With five acres staked out on Panguingue Creek, she and I cut trees that first summer. We peeled their bark and began to fashion a house from the forest. But the cabin took too many summers to complete. When it was done and the door was hung, we had forgotten why we had ever started. Closing the door on the cabin and that life, we quit the country. That was three years ago. It's strange to be back on this road, alone, wondering what remains of that cabin or if it, like our vision, collapsed from the weight of deep snows.

On the highway from Healy, a small coal-mining town some 100 miles southwest of Fairbanks, a young couple stop and place me among their baggage in an already overloaded van. We head north, cresting frost heaves in the pavement as we go.

"In a decade all this will be developed," the driver says with a sweep of his hand along

the horizon. "Car washes and trailer parks."

"That's what's happened to Boulder," his wife adds, handing me a beef jerky. "That's why we've come here."

Through the window I can see that nothing has changed: mountains and river and the small breaks in the trees where someone made a start and gave up.

We stop at the turnoff to the Stampede Trail, a mining road running parallel to the outer mountains of the Alaska Range. "Good luck with the fishing," the driver calls as they pull away.

I start walking. The weather has been dry, and the surface of the road is hard, white dust. Among the dwarf willow and blueberry bushes at the side of the road, I spot survey markers. They foretell change. If the state improves the road, anyone will be able to drive a station wagon and trailer as far as Eight Mile Lake or perhaps even the Savage River. I prefer the road as it is: deeply rutted and entirely washed out in the low sections.

The road dips, and I head off it, following a trail along a ridge crest. The crest affords a glimpse of Panguingue Creek, a thin ribbon glistening sunlight through the canopy of yellow scrub willows that line its banks. The trail descends a razorback ridge, a hand-over-hand, tree-grabbing slide to the valley floor.

Bushwhacking through alders, I can only hear the creek. Then I see it again.

I cross it on a rock shelf where a feeder creek joins the main flow. In a small pool below the confluence, grayling hold themselves against the current, the large fish centering themselves among the fry. As I move along the bank, a rock tilts under my weight, and the grayling scatter like quicksilver.

On this side of the creek the trail is overgrown with willows. From the pack I pull out a revolver, bundled in a wool shirt to keep it from chafing my back. Loading the chambers, I slip the gun into my black leather holster and thread the holster onto my belt.

I do not like entering a willow thicket. In such close quarters, with branches closing behind you as you walk, there is no room to maneuver.

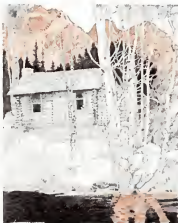
On the moist, sandy ground is a small compost heap resembling crushed leaves and blueberries. The revolver, which had once felt heavy in my hand, now seems insubstantial. I need no one to tell me all the tired bear stories, the maulings and mutilations, the half-fables and outright lies. I tell them to myself.

The spoor, however, is cold. The animal probably left it a day or two ago. But I can't shake the extra baggage I've brought with me to this valley—fear. In a quaking voice I begin to sing, pitifully out of key, as birds will sing to define territory, to define my swath as I traverse the willow and, at last, emerge into the comparatively open spruce forest of the south slope.

The cabin is set back from the creek, on a rise above the flood plain. Coming upon it suddenly in a clearing of birch, I am startled by the ax casually propped against the door, the neat pile of firewood under the eave. I call out. But that's my ax. There's no one here. The door is latched shut just as I had left it three years before.

I push open the door, and sunlight gleams off bits of broken glass on the floor. A chair lies on its side amid the debris. A bear, most likely, broke in through the front window, sampled the furniture and departed. Otherwise, nothing at all has changed. A magazine my wife had brought along to read three summers ago lies spread open on the table alongside a list of provisions never purchased. I

continued



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FIRST PERSON (CONTINUED)

slip out of the pack harness and lay the holstered revolver on the table. Strangely, I feel intrusive here, as though I am sifting through the effects of people I don't know. The cabin offers few artifacts from which to deduce much about the lives of its builders. The overriding question is, Why did they leave?

Near the end of the first summer, we had felled and peeled and hauled to this site all the logs for the cabin. I recall a photograph my wife took that showed me astride a jam of cabin logs, a doltish grin on my face, happier than I had ever been in my life. We should have finished the cabin then, but we didn't. Climbing out of the valley in the fall, we left the cabin walls holding up nothing but sky.

I make the cabin habitable, slip the gun on and walk down to the creek in a pre-storm half-light to catch supper. Grayling are rising all down the sleek stretches of the stream, dimpling the surface. Sitting on the bank, I rig up a willow switch with monofilament and a hook dressed up to imitate a black gnat. Without weight or tapered line, casting presents a real problem. Standing on a slippery rock shelf, I lay the fly in mid-stream and let the current carry it under a willow overhang. A fish takes it, jumps once and is suddenly alive in my hand. I splash ashore, examining the grayling's silvered sides and high dorsal fin. A tap on its skull and the fish goes rigid.

Breathing on the fly to revive its hackles, I set the black gnat back on the stream. It drifts perfectly over a school of fish, but there are no takers.

Short on tactics, I start downstream, walking one bank and then the other, tossing my fly into calm eddies behind the larger boulders, sometimes spooking a fish that torpedoes upstream through shallow water to new cover.

The second year, we returned to the cabin and picked up our tools as if there had been no intervening winter. Winter had made the difference, of course, and we found ourselves inventing excuses for side trips and excursions, sunny-day pleasures to cache away and warm the dark of the winter ahead. Soon the cabin was heavily mortgaged with day hikes and berry picking along the Stampede Trail. After a day hauling lumber for the floor, my wife just sat down among the wood shavings and said she was tired of it, tired of the work and of the mosquitoes, the

taste of Velveeta and hardtack, but mostly tired of looking up at these valley walls knowing that beyond them the briefest of summers was slipping away. She proposed a trip to the ocean where the salmon were running. When we returned, sure enough, snow was falling.

The current carries the fly into a deep pocket beneath a fallen spruce. The line suddenly goes taut, the fish pulling it downstream into the tangled snags of submerged branches. Without a reel, I must walk back from the creek, pulling the fish up onto the rocky bank. Not the highest sport. The fish is not a grayling this time, but a Dolly Varden trout, really a char. It is a beautiful fish, richly mottled in orange, its underside pure gold. I sap it and then dip it back in the water to wash off the sand.

"But there's nothing to do here." Without her presence, I find myself propounding her arguments, the isolation, the suffocating quality of the woods. When the cabin was finished, nothing remained but to live here, and that was the hardest task of all. Pregnant at the end of that third summer, she was often sick to her stomach, waiting out the rains and overwhelming silence while I ran off to do anything but share the silence with her. We both knew the vision was fading, but I was stalling until she delivered a child. A child, I was certain, would moor us to the valley.

All down the creek fish appear to be rising, yet it is only the rain. As the light goes, the rain falls harder. Winding line around the willow switch, I pick up my fish and start upstream. A bear might be anywhere in the thicket. Lightning flashes, and I am running.

In midwinter, while we were living in Fairbanks, she went into labor, three months prematurely. The early morning drive to the hospital remains fixed in my mind. I talked as I drove, full of optimism she didn't share. At 7:30 a.m. my son was born and, nameless, died an hour later. Not much time by any measurement. A day later, driving back from the hospital, we saw very little but understood that our next summer in the cabin would be our last.

The rain is falling all around, filling the woods with its din. The cabin looms ahead like an island. Once inside, I change clothes and fire up the awright. The sheet-metal stove buckles loudly as

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the heat rises. Soon coffee water is boiling and the fish are frying up nicely in the big iron skillet. My hunger is unreasonable.

After supper I light a kerosene lamp. Rain drums steadily on the roof. There is nothing to do here. I say it over and over to myself, and the more I say it, the easier it is to accept. The cabin walls cannot keep out the forest because they are the forest. I never stood still long enough here to let the woods, the valley roll over me like a wave. Now they do. It is not a good feeling but it's kind of a relief.

Snuffing the flame, I curl up in my sleeping bag close to the stove and try to sleep. I alternately roast and shiver. The night is full of starts, awakenings in the dark, the screeching of owls and imagined bears stalking close by in the woods.

Waking once in the dark, I thought I could see the mountains through the south-facing window, but the night was moonless, too dark to see anything. One mountain, though, I saw clearly in my mind. It is the beginning of a ridge rising straight up from the Savage River that I climbed the last summer we were here. It was difficult, but the view improved as I gained elevation. I climbed to a cairn breaking out of the moss canyon and could see to the north, among the brown hills, the narrow valley cut by Panguingue Creek. Holding onto the rock, I took the ashes of my firstborn out of a small box and, holding them in my hand, let the wind carry them like snow onto the bare slopes.

Morning breaks cool. The rain has stopped. Stiffly, I dress and begin the fire in the stove, placing water on the top for coffee. Blueberry pancakes are the order for breakfast.

Forgetting the gun, I walk slowly down toward the creek, gathering up berries in a tin plate as I go. The day is heart-breakingly beautiful, blue-washed sky, glistening drops of rain catching the sun on the willows, the creek running fast and full. The Outer Range is plainly visible, taluses dusted with the first fine snow of a new winter. The air is crisp enough that this snow will remain and lay beneath the strata of subsequent snows until next summer. Then the lengthening sunlight will peel off the snow, and this first covering will melt and run off the slopes into the watershed that feeds the Nenana and the Tanana and the Yukon and an ocean that covers the world.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

NO. 39

Sir:

Congratulations to Sarah Pileggi and SI for the balanced and sympathetic treatment of President Carter's road-racing effort in the 10-kilometer Canoctin Mountain Park Run (*Jimmy Carter Runs into the Wall*, Sept. 24). After all, he did refer to himself at the starting line as "just a senior-citizen jogger." I was one of the concerned runners who passed by shortly after he stopped. Two hours later at the awards ceremony he appeared re-
freshed and was acclaimed warmly by the crowd.

Did you notice that a race organizer with a sense of history assigned President Carter the number 39? Carter is, of course, the 39th President of the United States.

BRUCE H. BLUMSIDE
Rockville, Md.

Sir:

Because of running, I was able to lose more than 65 pounds about three years ago. I enjoy the sport immensely. Regarding Jimmy Carter's 10K run in Canoctin Mountain Park, all I can say is that I'm proud that our President has the determination to keep in shape. Those who don't run can't know the discipline it takes to keep at it. President Carter should receive accolades for his courage. I am proud of his spirit.

R. NICHOLAS BURTON
Decatur, Ill.

Sir:

While Jimmy Carter was taking up four pages in a major sports magazine, Carl Yastrzemski was shoved back into the Baseball department, given a small black-and-white picture in honor of his 3,000th hit and not even any mention in the table of contents (*The Last Was the Toughest*, Sept. 24). When the President is given much more coverage for overexerting himself than Yaz is given for a tremendous baseball feat, it makes me wonder if you didn't get your priorities mixed up.

PAUL BENNETT
Omaha

SHORT FLIGHT

Sir:

The Notre Dame football team makes only seven first downs and fails to score a touchdown in its 12-10 victory over Michigan, and SI puts this "Flying Start" on the cover (Sept. 24). Your magazine should be entitled **IRISH ILLUSTRATED**.

PELLE KUNST
Livonia, Mich.

Sir:

If the Irish are flying high, then Purdue's

Boilermakers, who beat them 28-22 the next week, must be out of this world.

BOBBY L. MEADOWS
Pollockville, N.C.

GIPP AND MALE

Sir:

After two weeks of attempting to dispel the myths of Notre Dame, Knute Rockne and George Gipp (*Knute Rockne: Legend and Reality*, Sept. 10 and 17), it appears that you have turned around and joined the ranks of the mythmakers in your Sept. 24 issue (*Coming of Age in Ann Arbor*). Doesn't your description of Notre Dame Coach Dan Devine discovering Chuck Male kicking footballs around the Notre Dame campus sound hauntingly similar to the Rockne-Gipp episode of 60-odd years before? Could it be that in 60 years another sportswriter will be trying to dispel this new Notre Dame myth?

TOM MELTON
Seymour, Ind.

THE UMP'S STRIKE

Sir:

I read E. M. Swift's interesting article *Odd Man Out on the Diamond* in the Aug. 20 issue. Writing about the eight substitute umpires who worked during the strike, Swift stated that the eight were not strikebreakers "because the 52 regular umpires had been working under a contract with a no-strike clause." Swift was in error. Apparently some of your readers were misled by Swift's error (197th HOLE, Sept. 3) and they, too, were critical of the regular umpires.

The fact is that the umpires' basic agreement did not include the subject of salaries other than the minimum. Umpires' actual salaries for many years have been negotiated annually with the league offices. The no-strike provision in the basic agreement applied only to those provisions which had been negotiated, and incorporated into the basic agreement. Indeed, when the league presidents went into federal court to request an injunction is a bar to concerted action on salaries, the court rejected the leagues' petition. The basic agreement was found not to bar a strike over salaries.

Accordingly, if "scab" is the appropriate definition of those who work as replacements during a legal strike, then the regular umpires' description of their replacements is accurate.

MARVIN J. MILLER
Executive Director
Major League Baseball
Players Association
New York City

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No gimmicks, no miracles.

No less remarkable than Triumph itself, is the technology that enabled us to build it.

The crux of it: Instead of searching for some yet unimagined answer, Lorillard scientists took a more sensible tack.

Why not, they said, take everything we've learned about cigarettes, and push that technology farther than we've ever pushed it before.

Delivering taste, limiting tar.

We found, for example, that combining two types of filter fiber produces the best combination of taste and draw.

That tiny "vents" in the filter-rim smooth the taste.

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